

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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MAY, 1905

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OF THE COLORED RACE.



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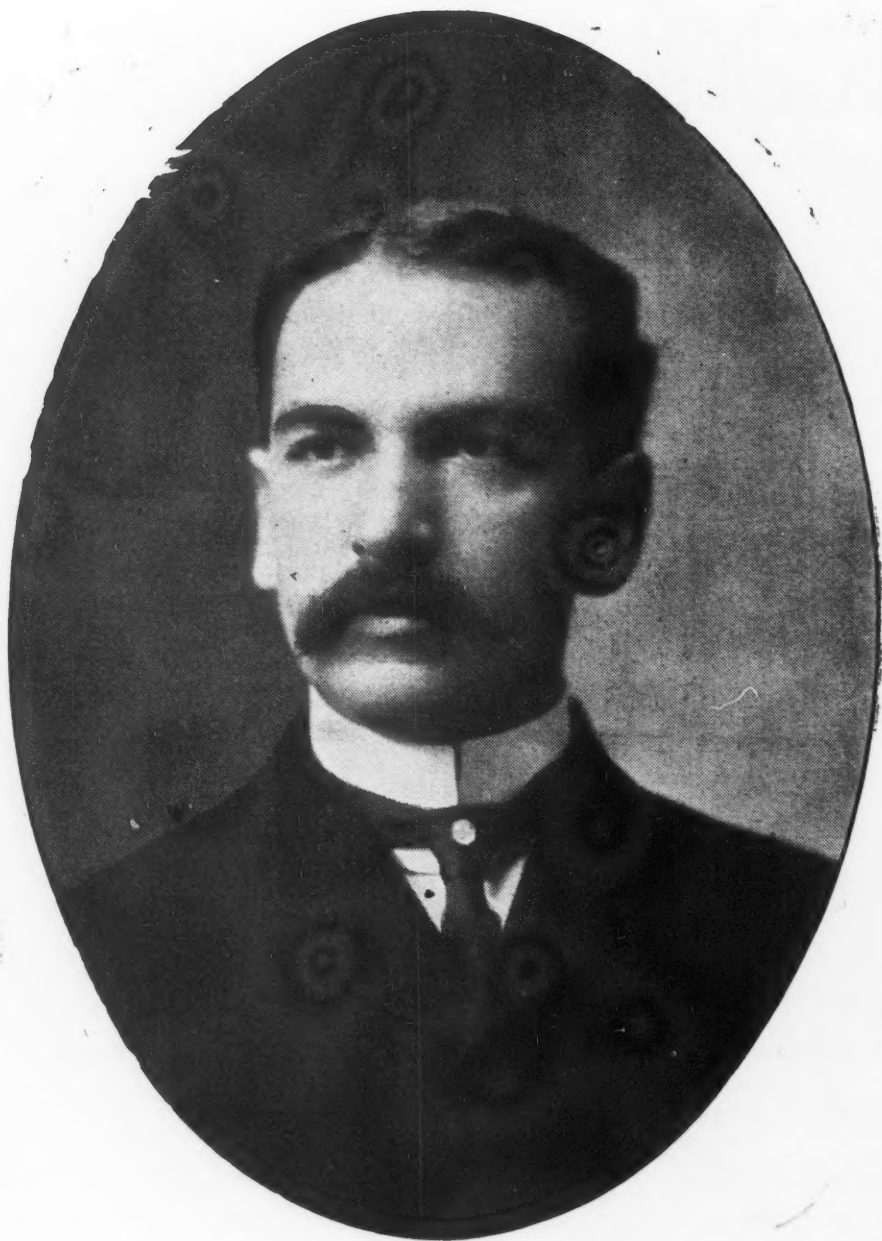
The Colored American Magazine

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HON. SAMUEL W. STARKS

State Librarian of West Virginia, Re-appointed by Governor Dawson

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

MAY, 1905.

NO. 5

The Way of the World

Trouble in Yazoo

THE following special dispatch from Washington appeared recently in the New York Post:

M. J. Hornsby, a good-appearing young colored man from Yazoo, Miss., called at the White House to-day with a story which has been referred to the Civil Service Commission for investigation. The President was too hurried, in the preparation for his trip, to listen to Hornsby's recital, but to the reporters the latter told this story as he started for the Civil Service Commission:

A civil service examination for an assistant clerkship in the Yazoo Post Office had resulted in the success of a Negro, who persisted in accepting the position to which he was legally entitled. It was made so uncomfortable for him, however, by out-of-office whippings that he resigned and left the city. A special examination was held on February 7 to fill the vacancy. Four colored men, one colored woman, and two white men took it.

Hornsby, who tells the story, stood highest, and was eventually appointed. When he asked the postmaster for a blank bond to fill out, that officer told him to come back for it the next day. Meantime, arrangements were made for leading him to resign. The train on which he went to Jackson to get his bonds the next day was searched by a party of twenty whites. Hornsby escaped from it, but was pursued, and, under various threats of whipping and hanging, wrote out his resignation, which was all the protectors of white supremacy desired.

The case of Hornsby is no exception to the general rule of treatment adminis-

tered to colored men, and women, too, who seek and gain, by competitive examination, positions of trust under the Federal Government in the South. The attack, however, was not aimed so much at Hornsby as an individual, as at the principle for which he stands. There is a feeling, in the South, Mississippi especially, that no colored man shall compete for any position that a white man wants. This feeling is growing astoundingly rapid, notwithstanding few young white men and women who desire places under the government, have received enough of the proper kind of training to enable them to perform intelligently clerical duties of an exacting nature, to say nothing of being able to pass a creditable civil service examination. It is as true of the South now as before the Rebellion, that white men who do not expect either to preach, teach, or practice medicine or law, are not trained to do or to think. The majority of them are taught to chase a rubicund complexion, and whatever may preserve it. The result is that few of them ever take a competitive civil service examination, and still fewer pass. The colored men long ago appreciated the inviting salaries offered by the Commission, and many have trained especially

to make a life work out of the positions under it. As a consequence the majority of carriers, clerks and mail agents in several states in the South are colored men. And if there were not a large number of colored men so employed, either the business of the government could not be intelligently expedited or Northern and Western white men would have to be sent there as relievers.

In February, 1903, a competitive examination was held for the carrier service at Yazoo City. There were, strangely, more white than colored men in the examination. Not a white man passed, notwithstanding there was strong evidence that the examiners were confederates with the white men. As a result the first four carriers Yazoo City had were colored men, who still deliver the mails, notwithstanding when they were appointed there were veiled hints by the white people of the county of an appeal to violence. A few months previous to this an examination for carriers was advertised to be held at Columbus, Mississippi. Colored men were notified that if they should enter and pass the examination they were not wanted as carriers, and through intimidation of various shades, were kept out. The Postmaster at Yazoo, one of the "better element" Republicans, who succeeded a Republican who believes in the principles of the party, is not the only postmaster in the South who has locked hands with the opposers to the Negro, to deprive him of what he has fairly and squarely won upon his merits. If the Civil Service Commission so desires, it can discover, without the aid of a microscope, numerous flagrant violations of

the civil service laws in the South, practised wholly upon colored men.

To return to Yazoo. John Sharp Williams, the "champion" of the "people," the "spokesman" of the "new Democracy," lives here, where both he and his boasted civilization preserve themselves by force. And through all of this deviltry, he has been as mute as one of Tussard's figures, when he should have spoken out against it. We should not like to accuse that Mr. Williams is General Yates in the conspiracy!

Jules Verne

OUR shock upon the announcement, last month, of the death of Jules Verne was very acute, because we put aside "Around the World in Eighty Days" to read the newspaper in which his death was recorded.

The passing away of Verne removed a link that bound the latter life of many a man with that of childhood, when he sat of nights under the candle, with sleepful eyes, and journeyed breathlessly with Verne through the mysteries of the world. And even now men whose memories revert and fondly linger with the sweet days of youth, when the mind conquers the realm and subdues all creation, gently pick from out their numerous treasures one of Jules Verne's gems, and read themselves back into the spring-days of their life, following blindly the lead of that master of master story-writers, through the wilds and fancies of all countries.

Jules Verne made for himself a place in the literature of the world, and he can never be forgotten as long as urchins shall crave to wade neck-deep in adventure and wonder-land.

Shall the White Man in New England be Disfranchised?

A FEW weeks ago—perhaps a month or more—on the verge of the election of a United States Senator from the state of Connecticut to succeed the late Joseph Hawley, astounding and pitiable revelations came out with regard to the electorate of the Nutmeg State. Dr. Newman Smyth, a leading Episcopal minister of Hartford, made sweeping allegations against the corrupt, perhaps it were better to say vulgar, methods of the leaders of both major parties in dealing with, or rather dealing in, the voters of the state, claiming, in the open, that there was no such thing as a clean ballot in the state, and that money was lavishly used in the purchasing of influence and votes by each candidate for the honor. He was equally severe in the public accusation he made against the honesty and intelligence of the citizens of the state. There was no denial, from any quarter, of these charges, and the man against whom the most serious and gravest accusations were directed was sent to the Senate.

His election, however, has not closed the mouth of Dr. Smyth, who persists in prating about unseemly things in the politics of his state, and advocating righteousness among public men, two heinous crimes of which a minister in Connecticut dare not be accused, especially in face of the hostility of the head of the Church to any such teachings.

In a recent issue of the Outlook, Dr. Smyth tells us more of the shameful behavior of both the candidate and the elector in Connecticut. He talks of "purchasable votes" in the state, in the

same way that we might expect Senator Tillman to talk of the "purchasable vote in South Carolina" in an address to a Yale class in politics. He tells of one small town in the state, where the number of purchasable votes "became so large that the town committees of both parties made a mutual bargain that year not to buy any votes." And this almost within the shadow, certainly under the influence of Yale University.

If Dr. Newman Smyth is to be believed, and we believe him with all our heart, there is not a single newspaper in the whole state that dares to speak out boldly and honestly on questions before the people. He tells of towns that have been each year since this generation cannot remember, flooded with money at election times. He asserts that the majority of the citizens of Connecticut are steeped so far in unwholly things that the reformers are ready to despair. All of which makes mighty interesting reading.

As yet we have heard no one suggest the disfranchisement of the voters of Connecticut because they have proved unfit for the privilege. We have heard no impassioned tirade against their shortcomings. There have been yet no prediction that the civilization of the world is wheeling the other way because Connecticut people do not appreciate it. Graver charges were never made against the colored man as a voter in the South in the cloudiest days of reconstruction. And yet, because a few black men did not measure up to the requirements of citizenship in a section of the country where there was little or no civilization, millions of them were excluded from the

ballot. The colored people form a little over two per cent. of the entire population of Connecticut; consequently whatever corruption exists among them is lost in the general sin. The debauched and unfit are the white men, who have never been slaves, and who have had for well nigh two centuries the best schools and churches in New England free, open and inviting.

We shall not here discuss the condition in Rhode Island, because it is well nigh lost. Senatorships are bought there as if the deal was in cut-plug tobacco. Lawyers succeed in their profession in proportion as they swear to support the greedy corporate interests; and the Church has joined the scandalous ring. Rogue's Island seems unable to unhitch itself from the bad men who now control it.

If for these very grave offenses against the ballot of the country, and the civilization of the world, there shall be no effort to exclude from the suffrage the ignorance and corruption of Connecticut, made doubly ridiculous and criminal because of the enlightened influence for so many years abroad in the state, then there should be no further givings on the suffrage in the South; no condemnation of the colored man as a voter, who was not excluded from the ballot because he was unfit, but rather because he persistently voted one ticket, and refused to sell to the other. Admitting that there was corruption among black voters, there was never as much as may be found to-day in New England. Either a mistake was made in disfranchising the Negro in the South, certainly a wrong was committed, or a

mistake is being made in allowing nine-tenths of the population in Connecticut, and ten-tenths of the population in Rhode Island the privilege of the ballot.

This disclosure in Connecticut and Rhode Island conclusively proves that human nature is one and the same in all men and all countries. Wherein one race is weak another is weak, though a thousand miles apart. There can be no general rule of conduct laid down for one people that will not apply equally true to another. If Mississippi colored men were corrupt in reconstruction periods, Connecticut white men are more corrupt in a more wholesome and a more intelligent atmosphere. In order to justify the civilization of America you should either re-enfranchise the Southern colored man or immediately disfranchise the Connecticut white man. Of a truth:

"Fleecy locks and dark complexion
Do not forfeit Nature's claim,
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same."

Much Ado About Nothing

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, philanthropist and benefactor, presented last month the Board of Foreign Missions of the Congregational Church One Hundred Thousand Dollars, to be used in whatever way the Board might define. Immediately a few ministers of the church, residing for the most part in Boston, began a tirade against Mr. Rockefeller and against the acceptance of the donation. The protestants mustered enough strength and logic to draw the Rev. Washington Gladden into their ranks, and as the Moderator of the Congregational Church in America, the venerable old minister advanced what to him ap-

peared to be able argument in defense of the position of the Boston ministers, and which drew out from H. H. Rogers, Vice President of the Standard Oil Company, a defense of Mr. Rockefeller. The Prudential Committee of the Board decided to accept the money, and recommend to the General Committee which meets soon in Seattle that the action of the Board be sustained.

However, the New England ministers have continued to protest, and at this writing there is before us a report of a huge public meeting recently held in Boston, to afford all ministers of the Church an opportunity to orate and resolve against the acceptance of the money, and the methods by which there is a suspicion it was obtained.

Perhaps no gift from any source within the last decade has attracted as much attention as this; and perhaps no gift has ever been aired in the public press and pulpit with so much vehemence and hypocrisy. The objectors to the gift rest their case upon the assumption, which of itself has no foundation, that Mr. Rockefeller gained his fortune dishonestly, and therefore the Church should not accept any contributions from him, or his like, because such acceptance carries with it an endorsement of the robbery in which Mr. Rockefeller has engaged.

The more sane element in the Church give no heed to such shortsighted and impassioned misgivings. The Church was not established as a Review Board of the conduct of business men, and it has neither power nor right to peep behind gifts, nor yet to indulge in assailing wealthy men's characters or methods.

If the Church shall set itself up to regulate business affairs, there soon will be no business. It matters little who gives the money, nor yet in what way it was obtained, so long as it shall serve to spread intelligence and religion throughout the world. The character of the means is not so much to be regarded as the character of the ends. It appears that a preacher in Africa or China, or a teacher in Turkey or Chili, could as well subsist on a Rockefeller dollar as he could on a pauper's. Morality seems to be overreaching itself when it refuses to use any man's dollar for its own propagation and growth. We fancy that Christ questioned no man of his money when He received it of him in the temple. He did, however rebuke the rich men, not for giving, nor for the manner in which they had accumulated, but for the unwillingness to give more abundantly. And this would be the only correct criticism to offer on Mr. Rockefeller's donation to the Mission Board. Where he gave One Hundred Thousand, he should have given a million.

If the Seattle meeting should be nonsensical enough to reject this gift, we would advise Mr. Rockefeller to give it to Negro education in the South. He may be assured that no pertinent questions shall be asked, and that the money will be gratefully received and intelligently expended for the cause of education and Christianity. Missionaries in Zulu do not need support any more than the teachers who have sacrificed so much for years, in carrying the light to the colored people in the South.

The Congregational Church is usually

of its sound mind on all public questions; and while it has stood hard by the ethics of behavior, it has not before allowed its clergy to engage in warfare against men who do not stand convicted before the courts of the land of any crimes or misdemeanors, but who must suffer the suspicions and accusations of irresponsible trouble-makers.

Immigration Again

SOME months ago, THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE called attention to the forces at work influencing, or making an effort to do so, Italian immigrants to the South, with the specific purpose of displacing with them the colored labor in field and public work.

During the last month arrangements were begun to place at New Orleans a large immigration station, which shall be the centre of this new thing, and to which all of the immigrants that land at New York shall be sent for distribution throughout the Southland. This scheme has the sanction, if not the active support, of Commissioner Sargent, who has expressed himself as well pleased, not only with the selection of New Orleans as the base of operation, but with the idea of flooding the South with foreign labor as well.

It is of no use to warn the South against inviting a foreign, disagreeable, and unfit element into its midst. This has been repeatedly done, and the South has repeatedly disregarded all warnings, however logical and convincing. It must learn, and it certainly shall, that Italians cannot do farm labor, and will not for any length of time perform satisfactory public work. No less a person than Mr. Thomas H. Malone, who

thoroughly understands conditions in the South, pointed out recently in a newspaper article that the Italian, as a laborer, is unreliable and ineffective, and he substantiated the charge with a forceful citation of recent shortcomings. And yet in this the South must take its lesson, for it is like unto a foolish maiden, who accepts advice from no quarter, and oftentimes will not believe what her eyes behold.

The friends of the race, in the South, should warn colored men everywhere against unreliability in labor, leaving the plantations, and failing to purchase the soil whenever and wherever they can. If cheap and foreign labor should take root and become well grounded in the South, the Afro-American as a laborer, skilled workman, and soil owner would be in much the same condition as his brother in the North, who cannot find work of a high character, and consequently unable to purchase land and homes, even if they were offered to him in desirable sections. The colored man in the South should bend every energy to the making sure of his present domination as a laborer and farmer, and to acquiring more of every kind of labor and land in sight.

Those who are leading in the South should impress these truths upon the rank and file, in order that they might meet prepared any attack made upon their economic life.

Samuel W. Starks Re-appointed

THE re-appointment of Samuel W. Starks as State Librarian of West Virginia, which was announced by Governor Dawson from Charleston the latter part of March, gives general satisfaction

to the Republican party leaders of his state, and to the colored people the country over. Mr. Starks is the only Afro-American south of Mason and Dixon's line who fills a position of any respectable magnitude under a state administration. A State Librarian, by virtue of the importance of his position, and the influence he wields, takes rank with the leading men in the state government.

While in the main, Mr. Starks was tendered this position four years ago, and now again, for his political sagacity, and large executive ability, still his entire fitness for a place of this character is apparent to all who know him. He represents the intelligent and strict moral element of the race in West Virginia, and his great influence has always been exerted in every quarter in behalf of the highest aspiration of his people. How far this influence has gone towards securing for us the completest freedom is written in the history of his state. There are few political men in the country who have achieved great things in the same high manner that has marked the path of Mr. Starks. His leadership in his state is unquestioned, and as yet, unabused. He stands out clear cut as a good representative of the highest citizenship in his commonwealth, without regard to color. His power with his people lies in his honesty and character, and ability.

We have dwelt at length upon this appointment, in order that emphasis might be laid upon the appreciation we feel for the recognition the Governor of West Virginia has extended that element of the race which is striving after

higher things. And there are colored men in every Southern state fully as capable as Mr. Starks. While he is a rare individual, he is not by any means the last of his tribe. He is, however, the most conspicuous.

Mr. Starks is Supreme Chancellor of the Knights of Pythias of all the world. His executive ability is written in the great strides of the fraternity over which he rules since his election.

The Labor in Panama

THE new commission just appointed to conduct the building of the Panama Canal, have absolute control of all help and hire on the isthmus, necessary to the work of construction. All the clerical and laboring force will be chosen by this commission, with no civil service law or rule to hinder selections of such men as are needed.

It is hoped, certainly expected, that a large number of colored Americans will be chosen for positions in the several departments of the commission, and that even a larger number of them will be employed as laborers. Millions of dollars will be spent for labor alone in the construction of the canal, and it is only just that this money, as far as possible, should pass into the hands and pockets of the laboring man of this country.

By temperament, acquaintance with and ability to withstand the tropical climate, such as surrounds the isthmus, the American colored man is best fitted to take up the work required there, and perform it with perfect satisfaction. Few Southern young white men desire, or can do, the work under the commission. Fewer Northern young white men could long stand the climate. Neither of these

would do the labor required. Since there is so much prejudice against the Afro-American filling clerical and executive positions in the South, the commission could greatly relieve that section by appointing them to such positions on the isthmus, where there is no prejudice, or rather, where there was none before Southern people went there.

There is no need to engage Frenchmen and Italians to dig the ditches and lay the stones of the canal, when there are thousands of black Americans eager to do the work, and who would do it quicker and more satisfactorily than any foreigners that might be employed.

We trust there will be much diligence shown by colored men all over the country, to obtain positions of all kinds under the commission.

And Shall We Ever Learn?

DURING the month of March there were two or three cases of evident hostility to the colored people in New York as tenants, exhibited by landlords in person. It is not necessary to say here that against no other class of people in the city are there ever exhibitions of malice and prejudice, that show themselves so often and so full. It were necessary, however, to again point out, that the race must either provide for its own respectability, or prepare to endure the treatment meted out to it; and so meted because of its condition, and the evident disregard with which such condition is treated.

Last month the colored residents of "Pullman Conductors' Town," in Harlem, all at once became obnoxious to the other residents; and at the urgent insistence of maltreatment, removed to

other sections, having no previous intimation that they were thus to be driven around. A few days after this occurrence, twenty-one colored families living in One Hundredth street, unwarned and unexpectedly had thrown at them dispossess notices, served in person by an Italian lady who made a recent purchase of the property. It is an open secret that Mrs. Galewski purchased the house for the express purpose of ridding the block of the colored residents. Some of the tenants, however, were saved the annoyance of house-hunting in New York by the timely invitation of the first owner of the house, who, struck with the malevolent intent of the purchaser, invited several of the families to take apartments with her.

Notwithstanding colored people in New York are the best rent payers, the most careful tenants, the most decent neighbors, and altogether respectable, houses that are rentable to them are growing astoundingly rare, especially in view of their rapid increase in population and their growing importance in the economic life of the city. Neighborhoods are set and staked off for them, as if they were not a part, and a highly respectable part, of the citizenry. Houses are now almost built wholly for their use. A rattle snake would be more quickly accommodated than they by some landlords in certain sections of the city, who do not know, and will not learn, that there are colored men who deserve respectable treatment and respectable houses in respectable neighborhoods, because of their own respectability, and that in defense of the moral life of the city, they must be accommodated

within the boundaries of that part of New York set aside and occupied by the better element in the population.

However, it matters little whether others give to the colored people fair treatment in this matter or not, because the power to better this condition rests almost wholly with them. Enough money is earned and handled by Afro-Americans in Greater New York to control, in a measure, enough homes in desirable sections to comfortably house thousands. The suburbs offer ultra-inviting real estate inducements, and there are vehicles, manned by colored men, through which the moneys of the race may be centered, with the purpose of securing, in the city and out of it, homes from which we cannot be driven at the will of some prejudiced landlord. When this shall be learned, we do not know; but we do know that it must be learned, if the race shall be counted as an economic part of the great population of New York.

The Reorganization of the Canal Commission

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT early saw the mistake made in the formation of the Panama Canal Commission, both in the selection of the men, and in their methods and opinions. There was such a wide difference of views entertained by the members, only two of whom knew anything of practical engineering, that it soon became evident that the Board would have to be abolished, and a new commission appointed, in defense of the good name of America. Last month the resignation of each member of the old commission was requested. Upon their acceptance, which was immediate,

the President named a new commission, and divided it into several committees, each having in hand some definite part of the work. The new commission is composed of the following:

THEODORE P. SHONTS, Illinois, chairman;

CHARLES E. MAGOON, Nebraska, Governor of the Zone;

JOHN F. WALLACE, Illinois, Chief Engineer;

Admiral MORDECAI T. ENDICOTT,

Gen. PETER C. HAINES,

Col. OSWALD H. ERNST,

BENJAMIN M. HARROD, of Louisiana.

All of these men, except Mr. Harrod, are men of known ability. The selection of Mr. Harrod came as a surprise, as he was a member of the old commission, and, we gain from the press, somewhat a handicap to the Board.

Besides the regular commission there is a board of consulting engineers, several of which are foreigners. A very wise departure is the removal of the headquarters of the commission to Panama, where the work is being done. Washington was found entirely too far far away for the good of the commission. The salaries of the members of the commission are the highest paid out to any servants of the government, excepting, of course, the President. The Chairman is to receive an annual salary of \$30,000, and a house on the isthmus. The Chief Engineer is to receive \$25,000 yearly, and a house. The Governor is to receive a yearly salary of \$17,500, and a house. And upon the shoulders of these three men rest entirely the real responsibility of the canal. They have been appointed an Executive Committee, each

member having direct charge of a part of the work.

Just what kind of canal will be constructed has not been determined. Chief Engineer Wallace favors a sea-level canal while another member of the commission supports the idea of a lock and dam canal. What is desired, however, is a navigable canal, "one," as Secretary Taft says, "best adapted to

the demands which may be made upon it by the commerce of the world." More than likely Mr. Wallace's notion will prevail. In such event, instead of costing \$200,000,000, the canal will cost \$300,000,000. That does not matter in the least. The Republic wants a canal across Panama's neck. Under the present commission it will likely get it soon.

Constancy

BY T. H. MALONE



TWO stood at the bend of the road one day,
 One day in the blossoming Spring,
 One blushing while giving her heart away,
 One sealing his love with a ring.
 In the Spring with its loves and its whisperings,
 In the Spring with its doves of the burnished wings,
 Sing ho! for the loves of the Spring.

One stood at the bend of the road one day
 And bowed in the wintry blast,
 Long enough to unburden her heart and pray
 As she thought of the loving past.
 Thank God for the love of life's opening days
 That lifts us above all life's gloomy ways,
 And thank God for the love at the last.

The Songs of Our Fathers*

BY MRS. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

THE children of Israel, carried away captive, could not sing their songs in a strange land. When those that wasted them required of them mirth, they hung their harps upon the willows, and by the rivers of Babylon, there they sat down and wept; they cried vengeance, death and destruction upon their oppressors.

The children of Ethiopia, bowed by the weight of centuries of toil and contumely, of wrongs and woes, of hopelessness and despair, bent to their tasks, and with the rise and stoop of their bodies, poured out their rhythmic cadences of faith, hope and charity throughout all. And, it is from these songs of our fathers, that their children of the past generation, the children of Fisk and her children's children, have received the inspiration that has imbued them with courage to have faith that right may win, hope that right will prevail, and charity for all those deep-rooted impediments that divide man from man and make him unmerciful to his brother.

These are critical days in the history of the Negro race in America. We seem to have come to the parting of the ways and a crucial test is imminent. The question is, what shall the end be for a race that, within a year has been called "a menace to the republic," "a race

with a minimum progress and a maximum regress," and "a cancerous blot in a fair land." So persistent is the onslaught, that history seems repeating itself, and the weary days of the reconstruction and anti-slavery period revive, when the discouraged workers faltered in their attempts to pave the way for the helpless freedmen. Well nigh hopeless, they bitterly voiced the despair that momentarily seemed to be crushing their hope for the future.

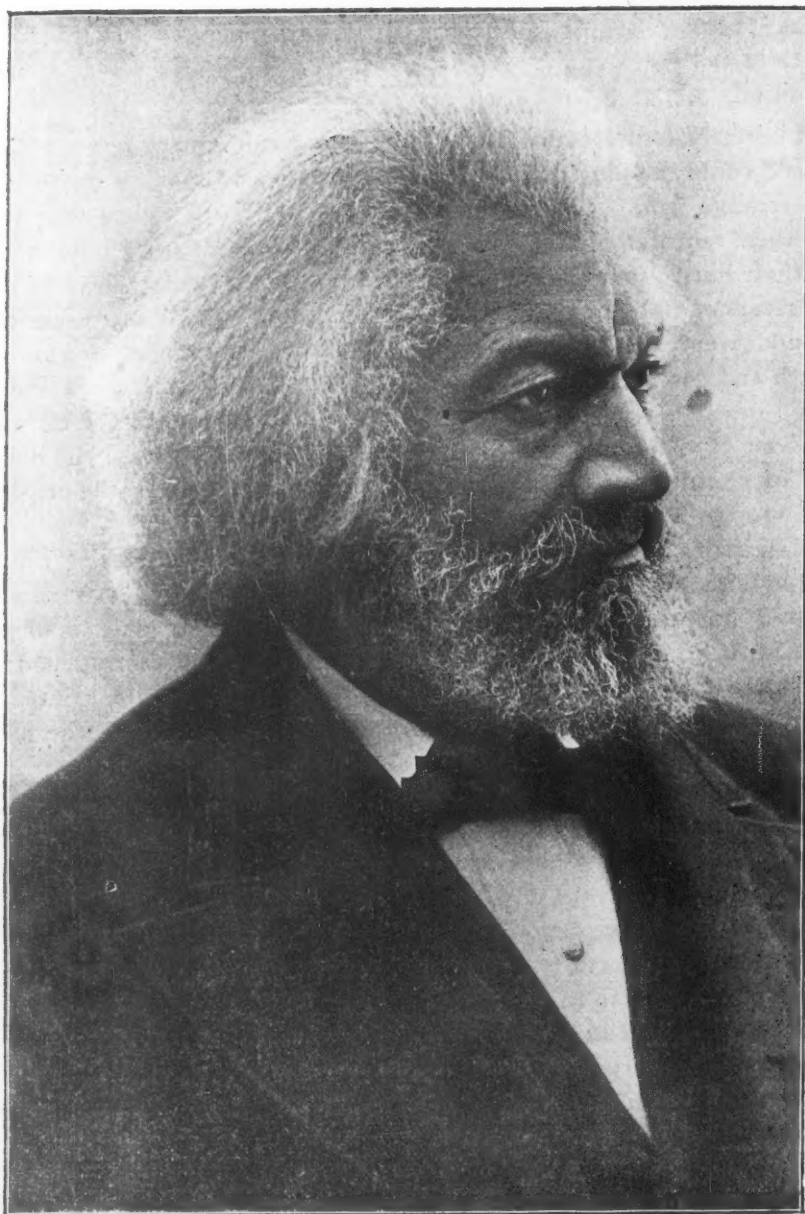
Frederick Douglass, "the noblest Roman of them all," wavered in his purpose, and was only spurred to renewed effort and reawakened hope by the ringing voice of the sainted Quakeress, when she asked, "Frederick, is God dead?"

Awed by the implied reproof for his lack of faith, Mr. Douglass' mind reverted to youthful days—back over the full days of freedom, over the days of escape, the days of enslavement, the days of faint light and despair, when an unlettered boy, hope first dawned at the singing of the slave song, "Run to Jesus." Like a flash, came the re-echoing song, with its old inspiring influence—

"Run to Jesus,
He will be your dearest friend,
And will help us to the end."—

the song that was destined to
much encouragement to
who labored so dev-

*An address delivered on Fisk Day during the Louisiana Purchase Exhibition.



"FREDERICK, IS GOD DEAD?"

foundations of the oldest institution of learning for the sons and daughters of freedmen in America.

Thirty-eight years ago, in the abandoned hospital barracks of the Union Army on the outskirts of the city of Nashville, Tenn., a University was opened for the emancipated slaves who had been forbidden to learn how to read or write. A University for newly freed slaves! Ah, ye do well to pause, stop, ye sons and daughters of freedmen, and in awed gratitude, in hushed and bowed solemnity, think deeply of those four men of sainted memory: Rev. E. P. Smith, John Ogden, Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, and our own beloved President Cravath, who had the courage to project such an enterprise, meet so many formidable difficulties and then in the face of all, give this silent, cheering, soul-lifting prophecy of the possibilities of the newly unshackled slave, by founding a University.

And there in the old hospital barracks where many of the brave soldiers had passed on to reward, began the light and life of thousands. As has been said, "The officers' quarters became the home of an earnest band of teachers; the sick wards were filled with hundreds of eager children; the dead house was turned into a store room of supplies for the naked and hungry. And there was almost pathetic romance in the work, when a pile of rusty handcuffs and fetters from the abandoned slave pen of the city came into the possession of the school, and was sold as old iron and the money invested in the purchase of Testaments and spelling books."

The number of pupils in daily attend-

ance the first year averaged over one thousand. Some who began the first term never ceased attendance until they were graduated ten years afterwards from a full collegiate course.

The time came when the buildings constructed for temporary uses began to decay and the imperative necessity of obtaining funds for the purchase of a new site and new buildings was a perplexing problem. In this hour of depression, Mr. George L. White, treasurer of the University, organized a band of ex-slave students and trained them to sing with all the ardor of their souls the old songs of the plantation. The broken, plaintive minor strains that had been poured out with pleas for strength, courage for better days, for mother, home and heaven received added sweetness and pathos when strengthened by the harmonious blending of the rich voices under the training of their teacher, and it was supremely fitting that these songs of our fathers should be the means of bringing to Fisk University the aid so fervently prayed for.

The freed slave-singers faced hunger, want, suspicion, prejudice, discouragements with their faithful leader during the first dark months of 1871, when they sang to incredulous audiences. But the time came when they won. They had been witnesses of the "year of Jubilee" long hoped and prayed for. "The year of Jubilee had come," and, undaunted, what wonder that the songs they sang reached the hearts of their hearers in this and other lands? What wonder that the fountain of tears long ice-bound became unfettered, or that strong men, statesmen and crowned heads listened en-

entranced? How much to the dusky-hued singers had these songs meant in the old days! How much did these songs still mean, when they sang them and were carried back to the old life! The days of wretched misery were lived over again, as they sang for your sake and mine, the songs of tribulation with the long-drawn chords of plaintive woe. With every note came the remembrance of the bitter cup that each one had drunk to the dregs:

"I'm troubled, I'm troubled, I'm troubled in mind,
If Jesus don't help me I surely will die."

And again with the song that melted the stoniest heart:

"Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord,
Nobody knows like Jesus."

When the last note of these songs of tribulation was borne away, the voices of the singers told the hearers that faith, deeply rooted, had vanished the despair of the first refrain.

When the song "I've just come from the fountain," sung in quicker, lighter note, lifted the singers out into the radiant light of hope renewed, hope strengthened, hope realized, hope borne into glad fruition rang out with victorious note in "Children we all shall be free," "Wait a little while, then we'll sing the new song," and "Walk together, children, don't you get weary."

Then the hushed song of whispering comfort, advice, succor under affliction—one that seemed to breathe the spirit of a time of distress and woe:

"Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus."

The deeper prayers for aid seemed to spur each hearer to unite with the suf-

ferer's plea for help under the burden, when they sang with touching melody: "Save me, Lord, save me," "Show me the way" and "Keep me from sinking down." Never was more doleful cry, more pathetic wail, or sadder entreaty made of a despairing soul in its plea for help than in the opening line of the last named song, "Oh, Lord," the heart-rending appeal to a higher power, then—"Oh, my Lord"—that emphasizes the almost despairing belief in a personal Saviour, and "Oh, my good Lord," showing the Father in his righteous justice—then the outburst of the pent-up soul in the cry, "Keep me from sinking down."

What encouragement to the patiently waiting slaves had been the faith songs that had banished the sight of the auction block, the separation of mother and child, father and mother, sister and brother, as they toiled and chanted of the old deliverance of the Jewish children:

"Isaac a ransom while he lay
Upon the altar bound,
Moses an infant cast away
By Pharaoh's daughter found.

Didn't old Pharaoh get lost, get lost?
Didn't old Pharaoh get lost in the Red Sea?"

Then listen to the answer given to the cavilling soul—

"Didn't my Lord deliver Daniel?
Deliver Daniel, deliver Daniel?
Didn't my Lord deliver Daniel,
And why not every man?
He delivered Daniel from the Lion's den
Jonah from the body of the whale
And the Hebrew children from the fiery
furnace
And why not every man?"

How I wish it were possible

the peculiar musical annotation that accompanied the expressive words of the song that seemed to consider the long years of waiting and toiling before the promised year of jubilee; but to hold out the hope of the promise of relief.

"Keep a-inching along;
Jesus will come by'n bye—
Keep a-inching along like a poor inch worm;
Jésus will come by'n bye."

"We'll inch and inch and inch along,
Jesus will come by'n bye;
And inch and inch till we get home,
Jesus will come by'n bye."

One song of victory told of the passing out from the wanderings in the wilderness into the land of freedom. It had long been sung by the slave fathers and mothers who gave God the glory for the

day they believed would dawn—their sons and daughters on their mission of love that made possible the education of others of the race, sang the song of victory to the people of America and Europe in full realization:

"Oh, brethren, rise and shine and give God
the glory, glory,
Rise and shine and give God the glory, glory,
Rise and shine and give God the glory, for the
year of Jubilee."

The Fisk Jubilee Singers gave to the world the songs of our fathers, and for seven years interpreted these soul melodies that had been pent up and had burst forth during two hundred and forty years of captivity. There were few songs of despair that awakened the smoldering sympathy of the world, but



THE CHAPEL OF FISK UNIVERSITY
Where the "songs of our fathers" are yet sung

the larger number were the songs of hope and faith that reached the heart of two continents and poured into the treasury of Fisk University \$150,000 that erected Jubilee Hall, the largest monument of brick and mortar that has been raised in honor of those pioneer sons and daughters of freedmen.

Up in Connecticut on the banks of Long Island Sound stands a magnificent country home. Every morning, noon and sunset from a tower near by you may hear clear, sweet notes of chimes ringing one after another the Scottish airs that come rapturously to the ears of the gray-haired man who deeply cherished in his memory the songs of the blue bells and heather of old Scotland, his native home. Many years ago he came to America penniless, friendless and homeless. By thrift and economy he is to-day one of the multi-millionaires of our country, but the songs of his fatherland that rang in his youthful memory and inspired him to success, those he has perpetuated in the silver chimes that ring out over the green-sward of his adopted country.

The Italian or Swede, the German or Irish alien receives a sweet solace for the rebuffs that he meets in the hurry and bustle of his new beginning in America, if he perchance hears on the street a song of his native land.

Among the sacred records of the world are the treasured songs of faith, songs of deliverance, songs of victory, songs of thanksgiving of the chosen people of God, who not alone were captives, but as cattered race. "A hissing and a by-word among nations." If, in the wisdom of the Most High, nature has so

constituted the civilized races of the world that the music of the fatherland moves many to their best effort in the lands of their adoption, that the strains of their nativity inspires resolution, fortitude, courage under difficulties, what to the sons and daughters of freedmen should be the songs of our fathers?

To them they sustained trust, confidence, hope—life itself. When they were sung in those weary days, every note gave utterance to unborn thought. It was nature's expression. Majors and minors came as despair and hope rose or fell in the singer's mind. The peculiar reversion of accent in the measures came simply. Words and music voiced together the deepest feeling. That was soul music. It lives to-day remodeled to suit the popular airs, the success of which lies possibly in the fact that the singular turns of the beautiful, catching melodies had their origin in close touch with nature's heart.

Some of these ex-slaves, repeating these songs to the world, lived over again the old life and its associations; but coupled with the thanksgiving for freedom was the purpose of obtaining means for educating thousands of their fellows, and there was a hallowed power in the songs.

To those who first sat under the spell of the songs within the walls of Fisk University and who sang them under new influences and new impulses, amid new surroundings, they told a wondrous story, not only of past adversities, but of new-born opportunities made possible through the efforts of the Jubilee Singers out among strangers.

In later years, the young recruits en-

tered upon their life work bearing the standard of a better life among the waiting millions. The seed had been sown that perpetuated the spirit of the songs in their labors as they faced ignorance and superstition, so closely allied to the enslaved bodies and minds of former years, and the songs of our fathers had still a message of hope to bring for final deliverance.

Year after year Fisk University has sent out her messengers inspired by the spirit songs, rich with added significance, that has entered into the varying conditions attendant upon the status of the race in this country. Four hundred and eighty-one young men and women have entered the ranks of workers under the profound conviction that, "He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat." Some have taken the message as ministers of the gospel, two hundred and seventy teachers are settled over the South; doctors, lawyers, farmers, business men are measuring up to their opportunities of educating, helping others wherever their lot is cast, believing the old song that they must "Rise and shine for Thy light is a'comin'."

Fisk University, standing to-day the oldest school in America for the education of the Negro, is still pleading for means to meet her expenses in affording greater advantages to young men and women, so much needed all over the Southland, to respond to the cry of the helpless ones still asking: "Brother, have you come to show us the way?"

Many of the first band of singers who put into the brick and mortar of Fisk one hundred and fifty thousand dollars,

have long ago joined the heavenly choir, but the four hundred and eighty-one graduates of the University who have entered the warfare are perpetuating the spirit of the old songs in their lives, and in the Great Beyond will bring home the priceless soul, trophies won from the bondage of sin and ignorance.

One hundred years ago the United States paid France, or Napoleon Bonaparte, two and one-half cents an acre for six hundred million acres of land. To-day fifteen million inhabit the valleys and mountains, and fourteen states and territories have part in the National Government where France gave over to the United States herds of buffaloes and cities of prairie dogs for fifteen million dollars. This St. Louis Exposition, this World's Fair, commemorates Thomas Jefferson's purchase one hundred years ago, and all the nations of the earth have come to celebrate the creation of fourteen commonwealths. Says Mr. Stedman, in his "Hymn of the West,"

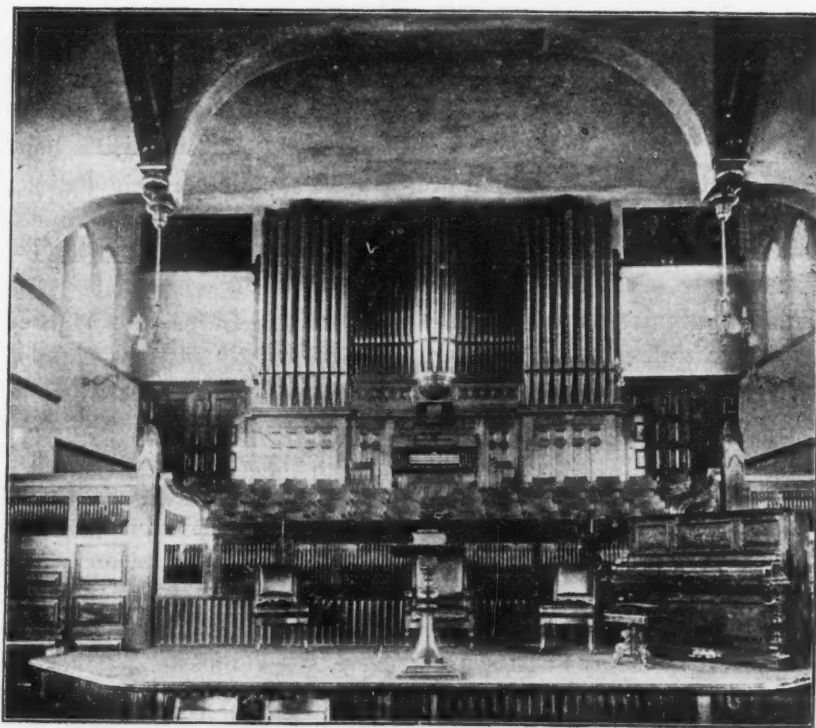
"Thou whose high archways shine most clear,
Above the plenteous Western plain,
Thine ancient tribes from round the sphere
To breathe its quickening air are fain;
And smiles the sun
To see made one
Their brood throughout earth's greenest
space,
Land of the new and lovelier race."

One hundred years ago Tennessee was wrapped in the hazy mists of the Southwest Territory. The founders of Fisk University were unborn, but the mothers and fathers of the sons and daughters of Fisk were toiling, patiently toiling and enduring; hoping and praying for the year of Jubilee.

Fisk University Day! Looking back



THE LATE SENATOR B. K. BRUCE
[Who Loved Especially the Slave Songs]



THE CHOIR STAND AT FISK
Which the Jubilee Singers Now Occupy

thirty years, what does it commemorate? The sacrifices, loving devotion and belief in the possibilities of a despised people of four sons of the West. Then the perpetuation of the work through the songs created from the life's blood of our forefathers. How have they helped us to interpret the soul-stirring strains of the masters? What to us would mean these grand, sweet songs, if nature's simpler strains had been unsung? Singing out of the past, what a helpful message the songs have brought us in our struggles for an education! What hope they have stirred within us when we have been ready to falter and shrink from the conflict! What inspiration

have they been to us in directing others to a better way!

In recent days, when pulpit and press seem to be vieing with each other in depicting the darker side of the shield in the progress of the race, to those of us who have been working and trusting for a widespread dissemination of the principles of right living, the old songs still ring true—

"Fight on and you shall gain the victory,
Fight and you shall win the day."

When Fisk University commemorates the one hundredth anniversary of her founding, the voices of the passing thousands will be hushed.

Negro Poetry

BY JOSEPH G. BRYANT

THE best poetry is an exponent of the race from which it comes, and is built upon the foundation of hard common sense. No matter how beautiful and imaginative a poem may be, it cannot live unless it has a large vein of sound, practical judgment of high order. Remove from the *Iliad*, the *Aeneid*, the *Divine Comedy*, and *Paradise Lost*, the wisdom which so conspicuously characterizes them, and they would lose more than half of their interest and value. Many a poem otherwise meritorious has gone into oblivion, because it seriously lacked the best sense, or was deficient in inspiration of the wisdom of its age.

All great poetry has its roots deep in the past; out of the national struggles and racial conflicts have come the world's immortal singers. Behind *Homer* was the Trojan war, which at that time, probably, was the greatest event in profane history. The contest was severe and long—daring feats of bravery staggered friends and foes; the world looked on with breathless attention; its victory the greatest of the age, and the defeat the most crushing. *Homer* has made out of this story a most intensely interesting poem, which has survived the wreck of thirty centuries.

There is much to appeal to the imagination in the early history of the Hebrews. The long and cruel bondage, the manner of their liberation and immi-

gration to Palestine, the tedious journey, crowded with stubborn difficulties, and the final settling in the land promised, carried seed, which later on, contributed so propitiously to Hebrew poetry. Where in all history can be found a better stimulus for poetical genius than the "Norman Conquest," and the intervening ages, including the great religious upheaval of the sixteenth century? It is the most wonderful period in modern history, and in relation to its effects, is second only to the advent of Christianity. Without it I believe there would have been no such poets as Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton and other masters of English verse.

Therefore it is evident, that poetry to be immortal must have a base. However fruitful the intellect and sound the judgment, mere good sense and culture cannot produce verse of great merit; for both the poet and poetry are the result of generations of growth and culture. Then it may be asked, can the present generation of Negroes produce poetry which will go down the ages? Has the poet a past from which to come; events of by gone years sufficient to rouse the imagination, an enlarged vision, the culture and leisure, adequately to measure the depths of our spiritual nature and express it in undying poetry? His unfortunate position chains him to conditions which seriously affect the thought current of his life; his past is full of

stirring events, and he is rich in an experience of more than two and a half centuries. Dwelling in the midst of a highly cultured people, imbibing their social life, and embracing all the religious faiths of Christendom; his valuable labor in colonial life; his indispensable support in the French and Indian war, the revolutionary war, the wars of 1812 and 1861, out of which came his freedom and his limited manhood rights; the successful struggle for better conditions, and the prominent part he took in the Americo-Spanish war, are the nebulae out of which, I believe, will come poetical stars of great magnitude.

But there is Negro poetry of which we may be proud. It has an originality, a simplicity and charm, as peculiar and as sweet as the idiosyncrasy of the race; and possesses a vitality which will carry it far into the future. Mrs. Frances E. Harper has contributed in a marked degree toward uplifting the race. Perhaps she is better known as a temperance advocate than a literary woman. Had she had the time to devote herself exclusively to poetry, no doubt, she would have rivaled Mrs. Elizabeth Browning in poetical fame. It seems to me that her poems are underestimated, and for that reason have not been appreciated by the reading public as they should. Of course her lines do not display any great power of invention, nor possess any dazzling brilliancy, yet they have merit. She ranks with Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans and has all of her earnestness, felicity of expression, grace and naturalness. If we fail to appreciate her gifts we shall be guilty of a palpable mistake.

"And the sunbeams gave them welcome,
As did the morning air—
And scattered o'er their simple robes
Rich tints of beauty rare."

The exquisite lines from "Dandelion" are worthy of all praise:

Welcome children of the Spring,
In your garb of green and gold,
Lifting up your sun-crowned heads
On the verdant plain and wold.

In the dusty streets and lanes,
Where the lowly children play,
There as gentle friends ye smile,
Making brighter life's highway.

Welcome early visitants,
With your sun-crowned golden hair,
With your message to our hearts
Of our Father's loving care.

There is much pathos and beauty in "Vashti." Its charm and sweetness equal Mrs. Hemans' "Ivan the Czar." At this time, when race suicide is claiming a large share of public attention, "Thank God for Little Children" seems like a voice from baby-land:

Thank God for little children,
Bright flowers by earth's wayside,
The dancing, joyous life-boats
Upon life's stormy tide.

Thank God for little children;
When skies are cold and gray
They come as sunshine to our hearts,
And charm our cares away.

I almost think the angels,
Who tend life's garden fair,
Drop down the sweet wild blossoms
That bloom around us here.

It seems a breath of heaven
Round many a cradle lies,
And every little baby
Brings a message from the skies.

"Dear mothers, guard these jewels,
As sacred offerings meet,
A wealth of household treasures
To lay at Jesus' feet."

This poem reminds us of Longfellow's "Children," after which it is modeled. "A Double Standard," "Our Hero," "Mother's Treasures," and "The Lost Bells," are worth reading. A prominent feature of Mrs. Harper's verse is its simplicity and naturalness; there are no pretention and ambiguity. It is clear and melodious; although she has not the fire and swing of Dunbar, the pulsation of racial instinct is full and strong, re-enforced with religious fervor.

We admire the graceful flow of her poetry, but the sparkling wit, the quaint and delightful humor, the individuality and charm of Dunbar's poetry are not excelled by any lines from the pen of a Negro. No person can read his verse without being forcibly impressed that he is a remarkable man, a genius demanding attention. The New World has not produced a bard like him. Although distinctively American by birth and education, as well as a Negro, yet his prototype is on the other side of the Atlantic. Robert Burns and Dunbar, in many important particulars, are parallel poets. They seem to have been cast in the same mould; with limited educational advantages, both struggled up through poverty, and each wrote largely in the dialect of his clan. He is strong and original, and like Burns,

lyrical in inspiration. Probably there never were two men of opposite races, so widely separated by time and distance, and yet so much alike in soul-qualities. With no desire and no doubt unconsciously, he has walked complete in the footprints of the eminent Scottish bard; has the same infirmity, animated by the same hope, and blessed with the same success.

When we read Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" we put it down feeling how imperfect is human nature, and how imperative the need of social reformation. Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," and Longfellow's "Evangeline" are lamentations of arrested moral development. In Dunbar there is no threnody, not even distant clouds arch the sky. Hope and joy are the dominant notes of his song. No poet more effectively warms the cold side of our life and sends sunshine into grief-stricken souls than he. He laughs sorrow away; he takes us into the huts of the lowly and oppressed. There we find, amidst poverty and illiteracy, unfeigned contentment and true happiness; a smile is on every face, and hope displays her brightest gifts. No matter how sorrowful, who can read without considerable emotion "When de Co'n Pone's Hot," "The Colored Band," "The Visitor," "The Old Front Gate," "De Way Tings Come," and "Philosophy."

But not all his poetry bubbles with fun, at times he is a serious poet, and appeals strongly to the serious side of life, as does his "Weltschmerz." It is full of tender sympathy; it touches chords which vibrate throughout the poles of our nature; he makes us feel

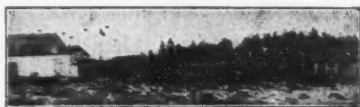
that he takes our sorrows and makes them his own, and helps us to bear up when burdened with woe. "The Fount of Tears," "Life's Tragedy," "The Haunted Oak," and the fifth lyric of "Love and Sorrow" reveal a high order of poetical genius; he reaches the deepest spiritual recesses of our being.

The Outlook for April, 1897, speaking of Mr. Dunbar, says:

"Not many months ago a slender volume came from the press of Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., of this city, presenting the work of a young Negro, Mr. Paul Dunbar. This selection of verse, part of which appeared in an earlier volume, was prefaced by a friendly notice from the hand of Howells, whose delight it is to discover new writers and put them in the way of finding their public. The face of the poet, as presented in the book, was of Negro type. His story, as briefly told, was that a poor boy with very limited educational opportunities, who had some schooling, and who had gone to work at an early age, taking charge of an elevator. The significance of the book lay in the fact that it was the first volume of its quality which came from the hand of a Negro. The race so far has suffered and borne, rather than acted and spoken. It has been a silent race, its only expression

being through those pathetic songs which thirty years ago interpreted, for the time, to people at large the feeling and tradition of Negro life on the plantations. Mr. Dunbar belongs to a different generation and expresses a different sentiment. The verse was not great, but it had in the dialect poems, at least, a certain individuality and homeliness of sentiment which challenged attention. Broad characterization, picturesqueness, a certain joyfulness of temperament, made themselves felt in all the verse relating to Negro life."

I prefer "The Rugged Way" to Lowell's "After the Burial." "The Unsung Heroes" has all the imagination and pathos of Bryant's "Marion's Men;" "The Black Sampson of Brandywine" will live as long as his "African Chief." Read Bryant's and Dunbar's "Lincoln"—the black poet does not suffer by comparison. I do not in the least wish to convey the impression that Dunbar is a greater poet than Bryant; they move in different parts of the poetical firmament. Each is a master in his respective sphere. As a writer of blank verse Bryant has no equal in America; and as a lyrical poet with a large vein of rich humor Dunbar is without a peer in the Western Continent.



Report of the National Federation of Colored Women's Clubs

To the National Council of Women at Washington

BY MRS. J. SILONE YATES, PRESIDENT
Professor of History in Lincoln Institute

"We have but faith; we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness; let it grow."

THE history of this organization, the National Association of Colored Women, and of its formation, is somewhat unique, and has for its members, possibly, also for the sociologist, and the casual observer, a special interest, because of the manner of its formation; the causes surrounding or leading to the same; and the additional fact that, outside of secret orders, this organization represents the largest, possibly the only national, non-sectarian body of educated Negro women organized for the definite and avowed purpose of "race elevation."

It is not the purpose of this report to go into the details of the causes or chain of events that lead to its formation, these are already recorded in the minutes of a previous triennial session; but rather to tell of the work the organization is accomplishing. However, as a bit of history, it may be interesting to note that it literally was a child "born of prayers and tears," and was organized in the City of Washington in 1896, by the consolidation of two national bodies of Negro women known, the one

as "National League," the other as "National Federation." The name of the new organization thus formed was, out of deference to the parent bodies, a compromise, in which the word "Association" was substituted for the words "League" and "Federation."

The prime object of the organization, as stated in Article II. of its constitution, is, "To secure harmony of action and co-operation among all women in raising to the highest plane home, moral, and civil life;" and under the very beautiful motto soon adopted by its leaders, "Lifting as we climb," in many ways highly suggestive of its aims, many things have been accomplished during the nine years of its existence.

The first Convention of the National Association was held in the City of Nashville, in 1897; the second in Chicago, in 1899; the third in Buffalo, in 1901; the fourth in the City of St. Louis, July 11-16, 1904.

Each Convention thus far held has rivalled the previous one in conception and in results; has been an inspiration to those attending, and a wonderful rev-

elation to the interested onlooker as to the work and development of Afro-American women; not only with reference to papers read and discussions of the same, but also because of more tangible proofs, through exhibits of painting, of literature, of music, and of other forms of progressive art that prove the growth and development of a race in its efforts to struggle upward, "through all the spires of form."

From its initial period, all clubs of women that have some well defined aim for the elevation of the race have been eligible to membership; and while much stress is placed upon the Mother's Club, the establishment of kindergartens and day nurseries, for the reason that these organizations strike, as it were, at the root of the whole matter, at the same time the Association urges the formation of musical clubs, for the study of high-class music, believing that music in the Negro is a heaven-born gift that should be cultivated to its highest extent, and that should never be allowed to degenerate into a low and unseemly amusement calculated to degrade rather than to elevate the race.

It urges the formation of temperance clubs, knowing that intemperance is one of the greatest foes to the progress and development of the Negro as well as of the other races.

It urges the formation of domestic science clubs, cooking classes, etc., because unsanitary methods of living, of cooking, etc., prevent the masses of our people from doing their best work, from economic and from other standpoints.

It urges the formation of benevolent and charitable institutions, since, above

all else, the race as a unit should be taught to be self-sustaining, independent, self-reliant; should learn to think logically, and to act accordingly.

It encourages the formation of Women's Exchanges and other varieties of Business Clubs or organizations, in order that our women and girls may learn the value of a penny; how to make and how to invest a penny, as well as how to spend it; for, Mrs. Thompson and others to the contrary, with reference to woman as an "industrial failure," the Negro woman has been and for some time must continue to be, at least "an assistant bread winner," if the finances of the race are to be materially improved; and fortunately for her, she has, generally speaking, managed in such manner that few of the conditions mentioned in Mrs. Thompson's article in a recent number of the North American Review have materially affected her; possibly because, with comparatively few exceptions, the Negro woman instinctively knows the art of "managing." But this is another story; and returning to the original discussion, it may be added that the National Association of Colored Women encourages the formation of all forms of clubs that have as an object the general improvement of society, and these, as formed, now are systematized into twelve well organized "Departments" each having at its head a competent superintendent and capable associates.

The organization now represents a membership of about twenty thousand educated, cultured, refined Negro women, and the local branches that compose it are scattered abroad in thirty one states,

Indian and Oklahoma territories. In more than half of these states, as in Alabama, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Georgia, Kentucky, Mississippi, Pennsylvania, New York, Rhode Island, Louisiana, West Virginia, Kansas, etc., a flourishing federation exists. Arkansas and Texas will organize within a few weeks; and in several of the larger cities, as in St. Louis, Cleveland, Chicago, Kansas City and elsewhere, a well organized City Federation will be found.

Each of the states mentioned as federated holds annually a highly successful state meeting, in which a line of work for the year is mapped out; officers are elected; papers on questions of the day are read and discussed, and the usual business of a State Federation carefully conducted.

To illustrate the value of our State Federations, it may be mentioned that the women of our Missouri Federation have been instrumental in securing from the generous Forty-third Assembly of Missouri a liberal appropriation with which to found a State Home for incorrigible Negro girls. In this institution every possible effort will be made to change the current of their lives from that of vice into channels of morality and industry.

If time permitted, many other instances might be given to indicate the many ways in which State Federations of Women's Clubs are becoming a great blessing to our people.

Then, again, the value of the training our women receive in the parliamentary and business the inspiration th-

the unity they acquire, which is so much desired, so necessary in race and national development, and that can only come from thus working together for a common cause, are all points that, sociologically speaking, cannot be over estimated.

The Association supports a national organ, known as "Notes," edited by Mrs. Margaret Murray Washington, and an able corps of associates. Ten numbers per year are furnished for the small annual subscription price of twenty-five cents. It is thus within reach of everyone; keeps members in touch with each other, furnishes helpful suggestions, and is an official means of communication.

Undoubtedly the conservative tone adopted by this paper, and the determination of the National Organization from its initial stage diligently to "saw wood," and thus find no time for controversy, has had much to do in dignifying the aims of the body and in increasing its scope and influence.

In addition to "Notes," several state papers are published at the expense of the respective states, as, "Queens Gardens" of Ohio, Mrs. Carrie Clifford, editor; "The Outlook" of Missouri, Miss Victoria Wallace, editor, etc.

The press of the country at large has been very liberal to the National Association of Colored Women, freely placing the columns of many first-class periodicals at the disposal of the organization. For some time a Woman's World Department was conducted in the Colored American of Washington, thus giving in addition to "Notes," a general survey of the world for the outer reading public. The articles, as called for, have appeared in

such leading papers as the Boston Transcript, Boston Herald, Los Angeles Herald, The Evangelist, the Springfield Republican, North American Review, various Chicago papers, etc.

Every effective organized body has had its period of development and growth, as well as of actual accomplishment. The National Association of Colored Women, so dear to the hearts of its earnest workers, long since passed the experimental stage and entered upon an aggressive campaign of growth, with "Lifting as we Climb" as its motto, and "Push Organization" as its battle cry; meanwhile, accomplishing as much in the line of national work as reasonably can be expected, when one reflects that few colored women are women of leisure or of large means, and that the time and money they give to public work is usually at a sacrifice practically unknown to the women of other races engaged in similar work.

It should also be considered that until quite recently it has been for various reasons a difficult task to enlist in this movement more than a comparatively small number of colored women well adapted by means and influence to carry forward this work; but this condition is gradually changing; and the fraternal recognition that the National Association of Colored Women has received at the hands of the National Council of Women of the United States, from the International Congress, and from the Commissioners of the World's Fair in St. Louis,—in which instance, this body of women was the first Negro organization, aside from Fisk University (and this is hardly a parallel case,) to receive

a World's Fair Day,—also from organizations of such national strength as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Congress of Mothers, Suffrage Association, and similar bodies, has greatly enhanced the respect in which our organization on all sides is held.

As to strictly national work in this its period of organization, when much of the force must be spent upon organizing individual clubs, upon State Federations and Department Work; and in the thorough systematization of this work, it cannot, and will not, with truth be said that it has at any time remained at a standstill, or swerved from its original lofty purpose of "Raising to a higher plane, home, moral and civil life," as set forth in Article II of its Constitution.

It has at all times hewn to the line in carrying forward this purpose, and while leaving each State and each community free to take up the line of work most needed therein, according to the best judgment of the leading minds of the state or community, it has favored as National Work the kindergarten and day nursery idea; as before stated, mainly, as a method of getting at the root of the problem of race elevation—"the children."

In this idea it has not wavered as may be seen from the fact that aid has been extended to several kindergartens from money donated to the Ways and Means Committee from the sale of pamphlets published at the cost of the National body; and from individual contributions; also, from the additional fact, that the resolution introduced by President J. Silone Yates of the National Association of Colored Women at the last triennial

council of Women of the United States and unanimously passed by that august body, pledged the members of the latter organization to assist the National Association of Colored Women, in every possible way, in their very laudable efforts to establish kindergartens and day nurseries.

The National Body has been urged at each biennial meeting to set aside a fund, however small it must be in the beginning, for this purpose, and now that the organization has taken out Articles of Incorporation, it is in position to receive bequests, legacies, and endowments, that will help to make the National Association of Colored Women, one of the great forces of the age in the solution of the race problem,—a problem that can be solved only by means of race elevation.

Realizing fully the fact that Negro womanhood is often unjustly assailed, and the additional fact that is freely admitted in all sections of our country, namely, that the Anglo-Saxon and other nationalities are rarely in a position to know the Negro under the best conditions afforded by the race, we most sincerely thank the National Council for inviting to membership in its ranks the National Association of Colored Women.

The advanced ground thus taken, and the breadth of thought thus evidenced, merit and receive the gratitude of a race;

such gracious recognition of the real worth and merit of our womanhood goes far toward removing the contumely that is from time to time, and from various sources, so indiscriminately heaped upon the women of our race.

Such recognition made possible the appointment of four delegates from our organization to represent Negro Womanhood of America in the International Congress recently held in Berlin. How worthily we were represented by our talented Honorary President, Mrs. Mary Church Terrell, the press of at least two continents, graphically has described.

Recognition of the sort given by the National Council of Women has rendered feasible, and highly practical, work of such character as that undertaken at Douglass Centre in Chicago, where under the direction of Mrs. Celia Parker Wooley and other prominent members of both races and of both sexes, various phases of the Negro problem are receiving intelligent study.

And as the slow processes of evolution, through which our women must pass, as other women have already passed,—for nature is impartial in her laws—shall continue, we hope, with each successive year to present a more and more perfect womanhood

“ Nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command ;
Yet a spirit still,
With something of an Angel's light.”

Two Poems

BY WILL H. HENDRICKSON

Night—The Hypnotist

A GAIN old night has pitched her airy tent,
And holds her hands outstretched high over all;
Her subjects nodding give at last consent,
And march along in Slumber's silent hall.

On Reflection

The dust of by-gone days
Few can shake,
Without discerning by the way
A grave mistake.

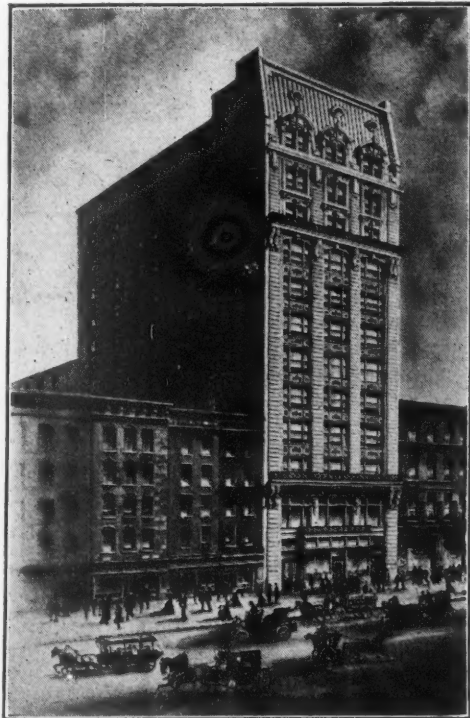
The Afro-American Realty Company

Has It Justified the Support Given It?

BY ROSCOE CONKLING SIMMONS

A LEADING editor of a more leading New York daily newspaper, discussing with the writer now two months ago the status and future of the Afro-American people in New York, said, among other things, that he felt, and, from what he could learn, the majority of plain-thinking and square acting white friends of the Afro-American people feel, that the best and most telling defence ever made in behalf of the local Afro-American's ability and appreciation of the genius of American life, more especially of the life of the great city of New York, was the organization of the Afro American Realty Company and its present assurance of public confidence, without regard to identification of race. Not only, he said, through this almost wonderful corporation are the Afro-American people of New York in the estimation of philanthropists and capitalists raised, but all over the country the race profited much because of the success which has attended this effort. I did not tell him then, and I would not tell him now, that from the very people for whom the Company was organized, and whom it now protects, came the great whirlwind of criticism which, for a time astounded, but did not weaken, the promoters of the Company.

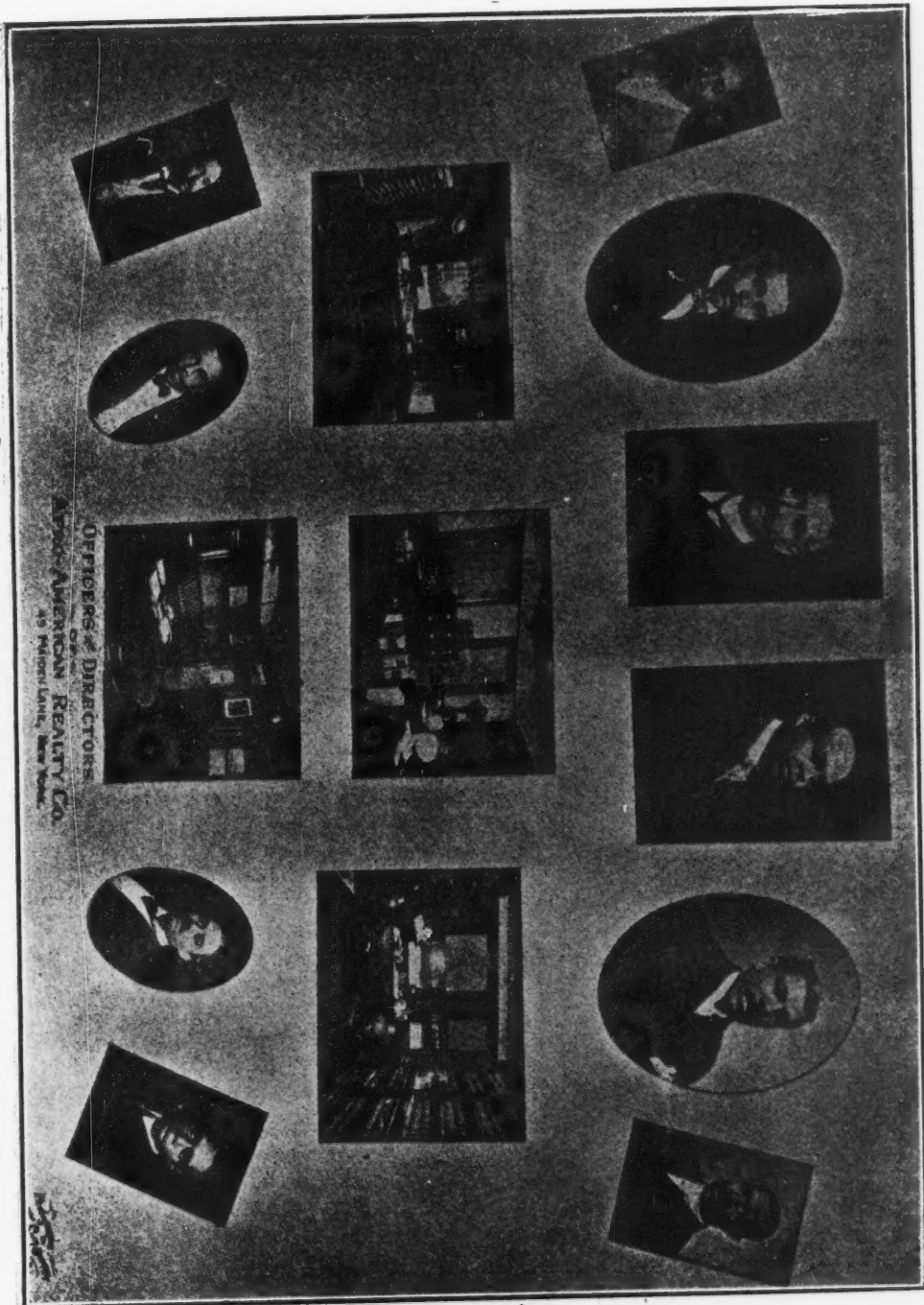
It is now almost one year ago since the Realty Company was incorporated and offered its stock for sale; and it is a



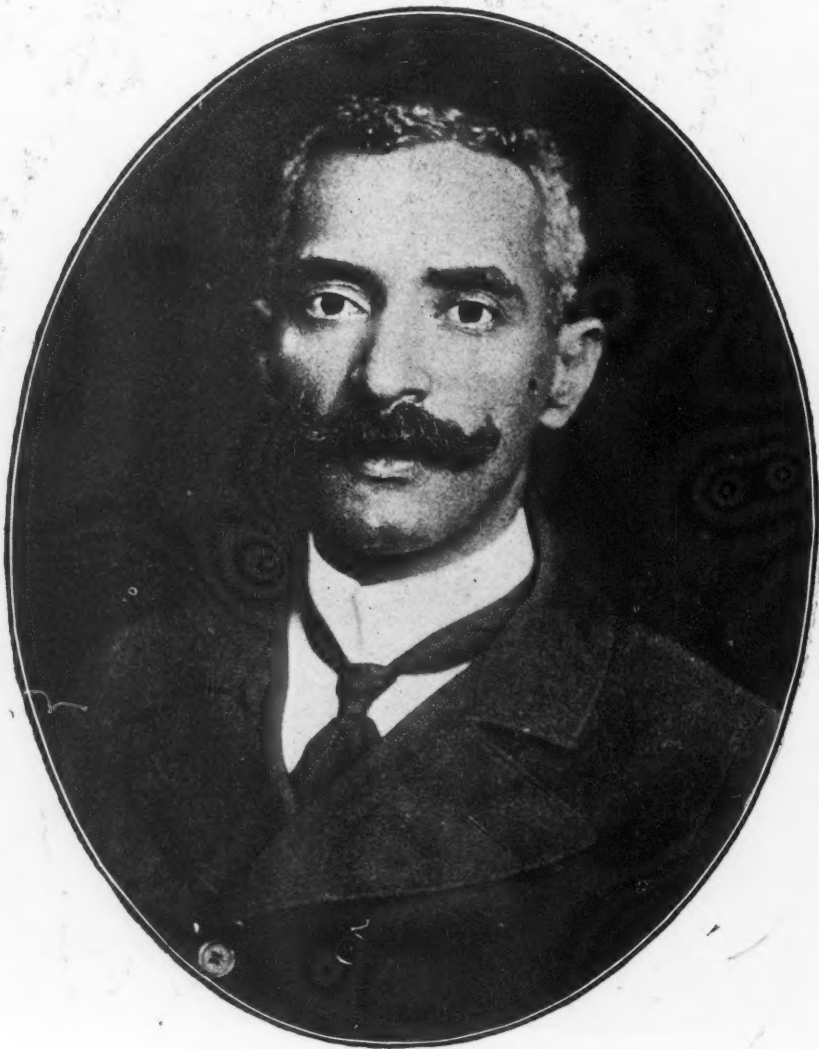
MEYER BUILDING,
MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK
Home of the Afro-American Realty Company

good time to inquire, Has the Company justified itself? Has it rendered sufficient service to warrant further indulgence and support? Were its promoters dreamers? What proof is there that its future is secure, and the capital invested therein safe? Is there need in New York for such a corporation?

Before the incorporation of the Company, it had existed for a time as a co-partnership. No one ever doubted the wisdom of the partnership, nor ex-



pressed a fear lest it failed, nor yet denied that it had a mission in the economic and business life of the community. All of these things came after, not before those interested made a step towards securing for their mutual agreement a more permanent place as a business institution, and towards affording colored men and women an opportunity, not only to live decently and comfortably at a reasonable expense, but to invest their earnings and surplus in the real estate of New York city, the best investment in this Republic. And why there were doubts for and predictions of early decay and ultimate ruin of the



JAMES C. THOMAS
President of the Afro-American Realty Co.

Company have not yet been understood, in view of the high regard in which each officer of the institution is held in the financial circles of New York. Many reasons have been advanced for the upheavals in the heart of some quarters. Most of these reasons are illuminating and some are intelligent, but none are

convincing. There were those, however, who reserved judgment for at least a year on the ability of the Company to do what it set out to do; most of these had faith that the good things promised would come to pass.

The progress which the Company has made, both in obtaining and controlling

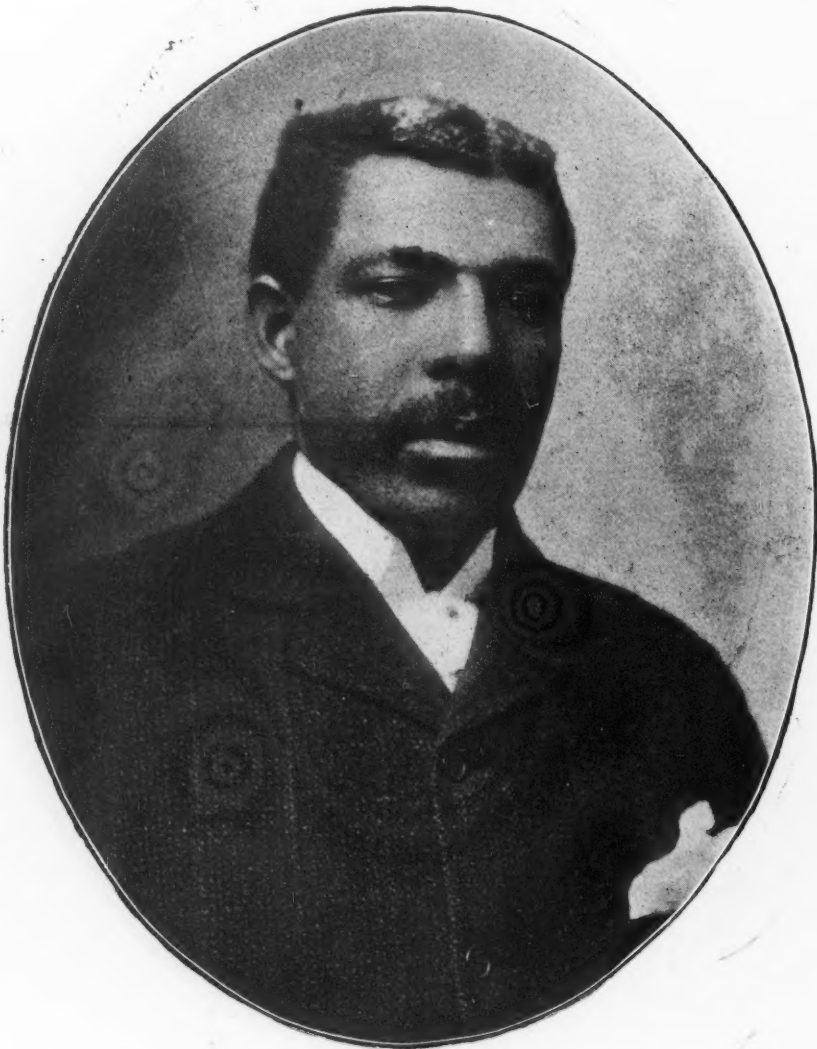


PHILIP A. PAYTON, JR.

Vice President and General Manager of the Afro-American Realty Co

property in New York and in commanding the confidence and respect of its stockholders and the general public has been gratifying and surprising. Perhaps the opposition with which it met at the beginning of its career rather strengthened its courage. Of this I do not know; but this I know: that the

Company now controls thirteen pieces of valuable New York property, a part of which it owns, and upon the remainder it holds leases of long duration. Few real estate concerns in New York, with its 640 acres of land and acute competition, can point to a more splendid record for a year's effort. And since Negroes



JAMES E. GARNER

Secretary-Treasurer of the Afro-American Realty Co.

they are, who have thus so successfully wedged themselves and their people into the ground and house life of New York, double praise and renewed confidence are due.

The houses under control of the Afro-American Realty Company are 330, 332, 334, 336, 338 West 59th street, and 156,

158 East 98th street. In all of these houses, which are modern and in respectable neighborhoods, are quartered Negro families, who need not disturb their minds, all things, of course, being equal, as to whether or not they shall have to move, because some landlord has tired of their presence.



WILFORD H. SMITH

Attorney of the Afro-American Realty Co.

The houses owned by the Company are 65 and 67 West 134th street, 30-32 West 135th street, and 57-59 West 98th street, the last two properties being recently purchased, and now, for the first time, occupied by Negroes. Both houses are five-story and basement brown stone structures. Two families only are assigned to each floor, each family having six rooms and bath. The hot water is supplied from the basement, and in every respect the houses are completely modern and attractive. They are between Columbus avenue and Central Park West. Not even the most sanguine and zealous friends of the "Afro-American Realists," as one over-educated enemy called them, dreamed that in so short a time the Company would be powerful enough, sensible enough and shrewd enough not to lease, but to purchase so excellent a property. These 98th street houses are valued at \$60,000.

Beginning with this month, colored families for the first time within the memory of the proverbial oldest inhabitant, moved into this neighborhood. They have been enabled in this way to enter unmolested and without fear of being disturbed, into the most beautiful and cultured neighborhood in New York City, because back of them stands organized and sympathetic capital—capital out of the sweat of their own brows.

The Realty Company, so far as it could possibly do so, put into those 98th street houses those who have taken stock in it. That was right; it proved its worth and honesty first to those who believed in its purpose and its life. I am advised that it shall be the aim of

the corporation to favor wherever and whenever it can those who have faith in its ability and money in its capital stock both. This is also correct. For the company shall only grow stronger in the proportion that it convinces the hearts of those who have believed at least enough to lend it encouragement.

While the Company's past is gratifying and reassuring, the possibilities are merely hinted at in the strides of a year. There were in New York in 1900 60,666 Negroes. It may be safely drawn that there are now 65,000. Most of this number are bread-winners. All of them must be housed. There is an element in the race striving after better homes as a means to a higher life. This element the Realty Company seems destined to serve as the one great representative before public opinion. It shall serve well and long, however, only in the proportion that Negroes shall bear it up. Over five per cent. of the entire Negro population of New York will never own the soil upon which they stand. This is no idle prediction, founded on a disposition to indulge in discouraging prophecies; for what is true of the Negro is true of other peoples just the same. But property is more unlikely to pass into the hands of Negroes, because they have neither the inclination nor the money to purchase it; and because opportunities to purchase individual properties in New York are passing away, never to return. There are in round figures in the greater city 3,000,000 souls who must be sheltered. Every representative of the human race in the complex citizenship of the metropolis has its banks and



30-32 WEST 135TH STREET

Owned by the Company

its boards, that receive regularly from their clients moneys for deposit; and assume the responsibility of providing homes for their clan, and investing

whatever sums may be entrusted to them in yielding investments. For the Negro people, divided as they are, with oceans of sympathy and pints of organ-



65-67 WEST 131TH STREET

Owned by the Company

ization, this Afro-American Realty Com- able; and invest sufficient capital' in
 pany can secure homes that are desir- New York real estate to afford a divi-



57-59 WEST 98TH STREET
Owned by the Company

dend that will justify each individual subscriber; and that in time will grow to such proportion as to command the best in both houses and other forms of investment, assuring a permanent stipend to all who are interested. I know that

this can be accomplished, and there are those who fear that it will be accomplished, in the light of the marked achievement and growing importance of the Realty. Perhaps never before have Negroes had presented to them such an



156-153 EAST 9TH STREET
Controlled by the Company

RECEIVED

RECEIVED



330, 332, 334, 336, 338 WEST 59TH STREET
Controlled Under Lease

opportunity to make sure of being able in the future years to successfully stay the opposition to them as renters.

The capital stock of the Company is \$500,000. Of this amount \$150,000 has been taken. The subscribers are not confined to New York, nor vicine towns and cities. As far West as Montana and as far South as Panama have come those who have desired to invest, not so much in the Realty Company, as in New York city real estate. Every state in the Union, and even Africa and the islands to the south of us, are represented on the books along with those in New York.

If, however, I were called upon to point out the happiest fact in connection with the satisfactory past and the reassuring present of the Company, it were this: Every share that has been sold has

been sold to Negroes. Those in New York who have bought want to breathe freely; those at a distance desired to help them, and at the same time put their money in something sure; something earthy; something safe.

It were needless to here refer to the men who are at the head of this institution. They are all men of means, men of experience and men of honor, and men known of all men as having themselves made individual success in the community.

It is the opinion of the students of conditions in New York, that the founders of the Company have builded wiser than they knew. They have builded for Negroes and Negroes should support them. When they thoroughly understand the aims and workings of the Company, I believe they will.



An Adventure in the Big Horn Mountains

Or, The Trials and Tribulations of a Recruit

BY EUGENE P. FRIERSON

Squadron Sergeant-Major 10th Calvary, U. S. Army

PART II

AFTER receiving our walking orders for the next day, and instructions to report before leaving camp for an idea only of about where the troops would camp; and to receive a compass to guide us, we returned to our tents to take a much needed rest. After laying aside our arms, we proceeded to look up the cook, who had by that time drawn his 240 pounds of avoirdupois into his bunk, but being a thoughtful old gentleman, had laid aside something that would, at least, maintain life until morning. After partaking of all that could be found, we returned to our tents and were soon in dreamland. The next morning we turned over our arms and equipment to the Quartermaster Sergeant, as previously directed, and proceeded to the Troop Commander's tent to receive the instructions pertaining to the itinerary of our march. After receiving instructions to the effect that the troops would march about thirty miles in a certain direction, armed with compass alone, we departed upon our journey.

We had not gone very far before the troops passed us at an eight mile gait. We received everything uncomplimentary from our comrades, and were soon left far behind in a cloud of dust, with

nothing in sight but a broad prairie, a compass and a number of cattle. We were as adventurous as the day before and kept up courage by relating our experience the previous day with the "Grizzly."

But about thirty miles to walk seemed more than our contract with the government contemplated, and the first shade tree we came to we sat down to rest. While resting, we decided that we could "cut out" about ten miles by taking a more direct line, utilizing the compass for this purpose. Leaving the road entirely, we soon found ourselves in sight of the troops again, but had not gone very far in this direction, however, before we had a very frightful experience with a herd of cattle: An old bull of many years' experience upon the plains decided that trespassing upon his premises, without permission, was a direct violation of the rules and regulations of this command, and immediately displayed his contemptibleness by making a few acrobatic stunts, charging the right wing of our advance. Being armed with nothing but a compass and there being no trees in sight, the reader can imagine our predicament. We were trained athletes and were soon off in a 100-yards free-for-all dash, and after a

few tree frog vaults succeeded in gaining the other side of a gulf that prevented our antagonist from carrying off all honors. I wished very much for the rifle that I had so nervously fired the day before at the "Grizzly," but of course I had just as well wished for my horse, for each was well out of my reach. We sat down for a few minutes to regain some of the compressed air that had escaped our bellows during the dash, after which we proceeded on our journey and were soon far out upon the prairie.

We had a small lunch and partook of it on our way and had soon forgotten about the latest incident, when, to our utmost dissatisfaction and surprise, we were greeted by a big brown wolf standing about thirty feet to our right front. He seemed very much carried away over the appearance of such healthy and tender looking youngsters. What should we do? What could we do? We were unarmed, except for the compass, and it wasn't designed to accomplish a one desire, that of having wings, so we moved on as though we had seen nothing, and soon our adversary advanced to extend formally his appreciation of our appearance at so opportune but unexpected time, but of course we were not civil enough to adhere to such formal proposals as were now in progress by the gentleman. We detoured a little from our original plans—that of keeping on a bee-line—but the wolf-gentleman seemed very determined in his desire to have us exchange a few friendly terms with him at a closer range, and was willing, if we hadn't the time to stop, to accompany us a short

distance to accomplish this one desire. Seeing that we could not shake him easily, we turned and greeted him with a few stones that we had fortunately come in possession of and soon induced the intruder to return to his place of peace. There was no time to lose at this stage of affairs, and we pushed on, and had soon covered about fifteen miles.

After resting awhile at a small spring we continued our journey until within sight of the troops that were now in the act of bivouacking for the night. Seeing that the compass had served its purpose and had guided us almost on a direct line to the very sight of camp, we decided to remain on watch, at a safe distance, until camp had been pitched, wood and water supplied and horses groomed, and descend upon camp at the sounding of mess call, "just in time," but being a little wearied from our two days' experience were soon asleep, and failed to respond to mess call, tattoo or call to quarters. Well, after waking up and seeing that darkness had long ago stretched her folds over the earth, and the old soldier had crept away from the fireside into his resting place beneath the willows that are so numerous along the Big Horn and Little Horn rivers, we proceeded cautiously to camp. When within the limits of camp, and a few yards of our destination, we were shocked almost into insensibility by a challenge from a sentinel on post: "Halt! Who comes there!" The same being repeated several times, with the remark: "If you don't halt I will shoot."

After recovering our wits we halted and gave a half way satisfactory answer

and were admitted into camp, with orders to report to the First Sergeant at once. We reported to the First Sergeant as directed and were called upon to explain the cause of our late arrival in camp.

We tried to explain the uncertainty of the location of camp and our long journey over the "take pains and walk" route, but were greeted with a stern look from the upper corner of the left eye of the "old top," which was

sign sufficient to us that our story was of little credit. After a slight pause the old gentleman asked if we hadn't arrived upon the hill overlooking camp at about the same time the command arrived in camp. Well, we couldn't face the old man and deny it, and admitted that little fact under conditional circumstances, but were again directed to report to the Troop Commander the next morning for the usual orders over the "take pains and walk" route.

Brooklyn's Foremost Business Woman

By W. E. H. CHASE

THE great tide of advancement along business lines sweeps before it all classes of men and women whose ambition and energy are sufficient to surmount the many small difficulties to be overcome, no matter to what race or nation the individual may belong. This is demonstrated every year more and more to the observant eye. Especially is it true of the Negro race generally. Hampered in many ways because of prejudice, and to other disadvantages caused by a lack of union in the colored race, the colored man or woman who makes a success in a business in the large Northern cities, outside of the catering or barber business, has accomplished a most arduous task and displayed a wonderful power of stability.

It is my pleasure to present to the readers of *THE COLORED AMERICAN*



MRS. H. L. KEMP

[Brooklyn's Representative Business Woman

MAGAZINE a lady who possesses all the qualities necessary to succeed in business, and who has by her determined energy gained a standing in the commu-

nity of which any one should feel proud.

Mrs. H. L. Kemp of 179 Franklin avenue, Brooklyn, is one of the leading modistes and designers of the city, and has won by her great enterprise front rank among the business women of the Negro race. Being the possessor of a most pleasing and dignified personality, she is especially adapted to her profession, and believes in keeping abreast with the latest modes on the fashion plates. Her specialties are evening gowns, tea gowns, stage costumes and the like. These costly articles are mostly applied for by the wealthy. Mrs. Kemp has made this particular work a study for many years and her office is filled with a library of literature on modes and fashions. Her main establishment is at her residence. She has a branch on Steuben street and is a silent partner in an establishment on State street.

As the seasons come in Mrs. Kemp has an advance opening, to which her patrons and the public are invited. At her opening, February 27, a large display of evening gowns and street

gowns were in view. One could readily note by those in attendance and the liberal stock of expensive materials, that her patrons are of the more fortunate class. Her desk is filled with complimentary letters from customers, all of whom have praised her work.

Mrs. Kemp has as her secretary Mrs. G. C. Alexander of Lynchburg, Va., who is kept busy attending to the correspondence and keeping the books of the establishment. Mrs. J. M. Snyder of Brooklyn is forewoman. The work-rooms are supplied with an able corps of assistants. Mrs. Kemp is comfortably fixed in this world's goods and has a most devoted husband. When asked why she worked so arduously she laughingly replied: "Is it not as well to turn my surplus energy into cash and wear out as to rust out?" In short, Mrs. Kemp is a success and a credit to the community, and is proving to the white race our capabilities of thrift and enterprise. Mrs. Kemp will have a very fine exhibit at Palm Garden, when the National Negro Business League holds its annual meeting there in August.



An Unheeded Signal

BY T. H. MALONE

IT WAS eight o'clock and the last passenger train for the night, due to stop, had just left the little station of Cameron. The rapid puffing of the engine was fast being lost to hearing in the distance. The passengers who had just arrived and the curious crowd that always gathered to witness the arrival and departure of the early evening trains, were slowly wending their way up the wide street toward the center of the town. Presently all were gone except John Sanderson, the telegraph operator and agent, and his friend, Will Compton who frequently dropped in to talk with John in the evenings. The two were preparing to leave when Sanderson was attracted to the telegraph instrument by an unusual clicking. He was in time to catch this message: "Special with soldiers and prisoner passes Cameron at 10. No. 29 has orders." Turning to Compton he informed him of the message, concluding "What do you suppose it means Bill?"

"I dunno an' yes I do too. The truth is that the boys have jes' about caught that nigger at Doratown that burned that barn an' stock an' wanted to put a few bullets in his carcass when up comes the governor an' orders out them soldiers an' a special train to take him to some other place for safe keepin'."

"That's just about what it is" came the reply. Then they both were silent

for several minutes. It was the operator who next spoke:

"What are you thinking about so hard Bill?"

"Nothin' 't all. What you thinkin' 'bout yo'self?"

"Nothing much. Let's see! Number 29, the local freight, pulls up here at 9:30 and takes the siding for 38, the limited express, and then why 29 is due to pull out at 10; guess her orders are to wait on the special." Again there was silence.

"Penny for your thoughts Bill."

"You kin have 'em for less than that an' since you are a white man I don't mind telling 'em. I was jest a thinkin' how much coal the railroad would save ef some thoughtful man should hang out a red lantern close to the middle of the main line jest about four or five minutes before that special comes along an' let it stay there until the man in the cab saw it. They don't run over red lights, do they John?"

"Not much; but go on with your story. It's beginning to be interesting."

"Well she'd be apt to stop good an' hard an' then the conductor would be a nosing aroun' askin' what's the trouble, an' swearin' and them cigarette smokin' soldiers would be falling over each other to get out an' see what the matter was, since they had orders not to stop an' specially since the conductor was cussing so loud an' the nigger—

well he'd be lonesome unless some of the town boys here that was hid in the bushes went in an' took him out of the back door. Then there wouldn't be any use for that special to burn any coal further down the road. It takes smart men to run this country I tell you."

"I'm in the service of the railroad," came from the operator, with emphasis on the "I'm."

"I aint, an' come to think about it, I s'pose it's time for to be movin'. Good night John, be a good boy because you're in the service of the railroad an' I aint. Go home and go to bed an' take yo' rest. They didn't say for you to meet that special" and Compton hurried from the place without taking time to say good night to his friend.

"I wonder if he really means to do it," muttered the operator aloud. "Oh well what's the odds any how, but Mister Sanderson, for your part, you must be at home when that special runs and you must be able to prove that you were there in case proof is necessary," and having finished checking his accounts and assorting some papers the operator locked the door and left.

Scarcely had the sound of his footstep become inaudible in the distance when a rustling noise was heard behind the benches and boxes in the corner of the little station building.

* * * *

"Reckon dey forgot dat ole Mose stayed in dis place at night. Anyhow he wasn't 'sleep an' he ain't too deaf to heah what's gwine on eroun' him. Mister Will Compton, you er mighty bully, you is, all ovah dis county, an'

Mister John San'erson, I always 'steemed you might high, long as I been 'quainted wid you, but I done learn something to-night. Reckon I'll go out an' take a little walk an' git some fresh air."

The clock in the little court house had just struck nine and all was quiet in Cameron. A close observer might have discovered forms stealthily gliding toward the station in groups of twos and threes. A light that had been burning dimly in a hardware store suddenly went out and two men walked out of the door, one carrying a rope that was not even concealed.

The clock struck the half hour and a great puffing engine, pulling a long string of freight cars, ran up to the station and changed to a side track. In ten minutes a red light in the sky, gradually getting nearer and brighter, marked the approach of No. 38, the limited express. In five minutes more it thundered past the station. The freight train still kept the side track. A hundred yards above the station, in a little clump of bushes and trees, were gathered the forms that had been so mysteriously flitting to and fro a short while before. Five minutes of ten and a man, tall and wiry, stepped up on the tracks in front of the station, carrying a glowing red lantern.

"What's up?" shouted the engineer of the freight to him.

"Nothin', jest going to flag the limited to see if they'll stop an' take me down to Monterey."

"Friend, she's gone full twelve minutes and by this time she's due to be past Monterey, and I guess she is; by the way, she passed us."

"Alright," said the man with the lantern, "I'll jest wait erwhile for one of the boys that promised to be here to give me a package for a friend of his down the road. 'Pears like he's powerful long time gitting here. Why ain't you pulled out?"

"Got orders to let some sort of special pass me here. Some of them big guns, I suppose, going down to Florida to cut up."

"Reckon so," retorted the lantern carrier, "lots of 'em ought to be put to plowin' and I'd love to be the overseer of 'em. Reckon I'd learn 'em a right smart about what honest folks ought to do."

Two miles up the track the special was dashing on toward Cameron. Suddenly the engineer saw ahead a red lantern slowly moving near the track. Cautiously he peered through the little window in front of him to see if his eyes were true. He realized that he was being signalled.

"What have we yonder?" he called to his fireman.

"Cap, on my life it's a red light and they're signalling us to stop."

"Well, I have never yet run over that sort of signal and I will hardly do so to-night," replied the man at the throttle, while the train gradually slowed down and stopped. And, just as Will Compton had predicted, in his conversation with the operator in the early part of the night, when the train had been stopped by the danger signal, the conductor jumped down and ran ahead, while close behind him scampered all of the military, almost every man without his gun and all bent on finding out

the trouble. If there had been any that called for their services they would have been little prepared to meet it.

"Who stopped this train?" demanded the conductor in an angry tone.

"Me, Cap'n, jes' me, and ef you'll be so pleased to 'low me to tell you, I'll 'splain mah reason fer so doin'. You got a man on dis train what done some great crime somewhar up de road, so dey say, and to-night I overheard a gen'man talk like he was gwine to stop dis train, which I believes is de special he was talkin' about, an' he said how it would be er good thing to wave you down wid er danger lamp. I heard ev'y word he had ter say an' I tell you, Cap'n, he's er man dat don't stand in fear of nothin' when he wants ter do a thing, mo' specially ef its er bad thing. Yas sah, I know in reason dat he's er layin' fer dis train and dat he's got mo' men wid him, beca'se somehow it look like he's got er way of leadin' men into trouble who wouldn't think of sich er thing ef it wasn't fer him an' his argyments 'bout things. I ain't meddlin' in yo' business, Cap'n, but I jest couldn't he'p f'om stoppin' you beca'se I'm sartin dat he's gwine ter fling out dat danger lamp."

"Throw it out where?" asked the Captain of the company impatiently. "Why don't you come down to the point? Where is this to happen at and how many men are in the crowd, and are they armed?"

"Mind you, sah, I hab not seen dese men and I don't know zac'ly dat dey is dar, but to de best of my belief dey is right dar waitin'. Yes, sah, dey object is to throw out dat signal at Cameron,

an' with er heap of other men, as I said befo', wid guns, take de man you got on board what dey say done dat great crime, an' I s'posed dey would be trouble fer you all, and maybe somebody might git hurt. Yas, sah, I don't take no sides wid nobody what does dese great crimes, fer I'm er man for peace; but it didn't look right ter me ter have a great killin' befo' knowin' dat a man was guilty, an' dat's de reason Mose stopped dis train."

The conductor went back to the engine and related to the engineer what had been told to him, venturing the opinion that there might be trouble ahead and that there was need of caution.

"You and your soldiers go on back to the train and get aboard," was all that the man in the cab had to say. Turning to his fireman he said: "Partner, you've been putting in coal in 98 for three years while I've been on this box, and you've never seen me run over a red light yet; but you'll see me do it to-night, danger or no danger. That's a cowardly way of murdering people, by flagging my engine, and it looks like they want to make me a party to it. They may take me out of this cab to-morrow, but I'll break one rule of the road to-night. Now, let her have all the coal that you can give her."

A mile and three-quarters down the track another light was burning; behind the bushes and trees rifles were being lifted and handled, while nearer came the roar of the train. Up in the signal station the white light of safety was glowing, and telling the rapidly approaching train to go on, for all was

safe; down near the track the red light of danger was waving frantically, warning the train to stop. Did the man in the engine see it? Surely; for how could he fail to? If he did, was he deliberately running over it? Evidently, for the speed was not decreasing, and in a few seconds the train tore wildly past the station and, with a shriek from the whistle that was piercing, left Cameron behind.

What was the trouble, Bill?" came from a hundred throats.

"I dunno, but I hope she'll turn over on Turpin trestle and land somebody in hell, and I don't care much if it ain't the nigger."

In a little cottage about half a mile from the station a young man looking haggard and nervous had just heard the blast of the passing engine. He sprang up from his chair. "Thank God she didn't stop. After all I'm glad of it, but I wonder if Bill's nerve failed him."

Three days afterward, when the afternoon newspapers had been put off the train, Will Compton glanced over the headlines. He managed to make out these words: "The Wrong Man. Negro Arrested at Doratown for Barn Burning Clearly Shown to be Innocent."

"Did you meet the special the other night?" he inquired of the operator.

"Not much. I was too sleepy and went to bed as soon as I got home," came the reply.

"Same here," said Compton, as he dropped the paper and looked out of the window.

"Look out heah, boss, I don't want to run ovah none of my white folks wid

dis truck of cotton. Ole Mose like to do good in dis worl' an' not harm, de short time he got to stay beah."

"John," said the engineer of engine 98 to the operator one day, "there's an old Negro in this town who deserves a life-saving medal. I'll tell you all about it some time if you'll promise not to say anything about it."

"All right," said Sanderson, "I promise, and when you tell me about this Negro I'll tell you about an engineer friend of mine who deserves the same sort of adornment; but you musn't tell about this either, because I promised the faithful old black man who can't keep anything from me that I would never mention it."

HERE AND THERE

A State League

THE state of Mississippi, as was expected, is the first to lead off in organizing a State Negro Business League. The first session of the League will be held in the City of Greenville in the early part of June. The League is fathered by Charles Banks, one of the vice presidents of the National League and cashier of the Bank of Mound Bayou, the one real commercial bank operated by Negroes in the country.

This organization, judging by its program, will bring together not only the real live forces engaged in business and planting in the state, but will bring together all who are really engaged in uplifting work. It is refreshing to note that Isaiah T. Montgomery will discuss the industrial condition and future of the race in the state where now we have the greatest amount of property and the least enjoyment of it. Few men are as able as Mr. Montgomery to draw from the present some signs of the future.

Mr. Banks is rendering the Negroes

of the state and Nation a great service in thus drawing together every interest of the race in his state.

School Commencements

DURING this month most of the Negro schools and colleges will close their year's work—Tuskegee, Hampton, the North Carolina State, Tougaloo and others. Some of the institutions do not close until June. Atlanta, Fisk, Alcorn, Straight and Clark are among those that hold until then.

The present session has for all of the Negro schools been notably happy and profitable. The moral standard of the institutions that have in their keeping the future hope of American Negroes has been advanced along with their curriculum. Tuskegee's course has been considerably improved upon; the scientific and theological work at Fisk has broadened, while Atlanta's Department of History, under the professorship of Mr. DuBois, is moving towards a professional school. While it has been a source of pleasure to note the progress

that these schools and colleges are within themselves making, it is no less satisfactory to watch the steady increase in the number of young men and women who have enrolled during the year. It speaks in significant tones well of both the institution and the desire of our young men to know, to feel, to be! The Negro schools are now rendering such praiseworthy efforts for the education of Negro people, and they are so well qualified so to do, that many young men finish their course of training at them, and are able, if they so desire, to prosecute their work further in the professional schools of Harvard, Yale and Columbia without examination. This fact is the great and ever-present witness of the superior college and training work being done by the schools of the South.

Hampton's Founders' Day

“**F**OUNDERS' DAY” at Hampton is regularly observed at the institute in March of each year.

The influence of Gen. Armstrong seems to diminish none; rather his spirit pervades as never before every nook of the Hampton work. This year ex-Mayor Seth Low of New York spoke quite acceptably before the students and teachers on the life of General Armstrong.

The recent death of Treasurer Purves of the school is nothing short of a calamity, occurring as it did just as he was retrieving the financial losses of the institute, and preparing for it a financial system which would render it safe in the future years. As yet no one has been elected to succeed him. It is hoped that a colored man will be selected.

Grimke Now a Correspondent

“**W**HAT shall we do with our ex-office holders?” is a question lately raised among Negroes, so numerous are becoming those who have held political office. Mr. Archibald H. Grimke, ex-Consul to San Domingo, and an author of note, seems to be deciding that question quite acceptably to both himself and his friends. Since his return many years ago from San Domingo he has engaged for the most part in work of a public nature, which he has prosecuted energetically, and, we believe, sincerely. He now resides in Washington, from where he writes a weekly letter to the New York Age, which is always illuminating and interesting. He succeeded Willis T. Menard, who, perhaps, was the first regular Negro correspondent at Washington. Mr. Grimke's letters are now quite a feature of the Age.



IT WERE hardly proper to speak of correspondents without mentioning the splendid work Mr. Thomas H. Malone is doing as the surveyor of Southern news and views for the same newspaper, in addition to his poetic and prose effort. Mr. Malone is a strong writer of fiction, and when portraying Southern types is often masterly. He has broad sympathies, great knowledge of what he purports to treat; and a command of both the English language and the dialect of the Negroes and poor whites of the South. Mr. Malone shall yet be known, if he sedulously prosecutes his writing, as one of the truest interpreters of Southern customs.

S. R. SCOTTRON,
Editor



E. V. C. EATO,
Associate Editor

THAT portion of the late Most Worshipful Brother Clark's work which we have presented in our March and April numbers, together with what we present in this issue, will be recognized by every brother Mason seeking light upon the subject of the establishment of Freemasonry among the Negroes in this country as very instructive and of greatest worth. Brother Clark shows very conclusively that Masonry among Negroes in America was established precisely, in every respect, and from the self same source as among white American Masons. He follows up every possible objection raised by white Masons, and parallels every action objected to in our case with a similar occurrence among those white Masonic bodies who were engaged in establishing Freemasonry in Massachusetts and Connecticut at the same period. He cites the proofs given to those committees of the Massachusetts Grand Lodge

which had been sent out by that Grand Body undoubtedly to find proof of fraud and illegitimacy in the foundation of Negro Masonry. The truth wrung from unfriendly lips and pens, when they were forced to confess and to publish what they had found.

Last and, possibly, most forcible and convincing of all, is the testimony—we probably had better say confession—of Illustrious Brother Albert Pike, than whom Negro Masons have never had a more bitter and relentless enemy; this greatest and most illustrious of all white American Masons, this pole star, shining and seemingly consumed with the fire of uncharitableness and race hatred, after a most patient search for evidence of our illegitimacy, is at last forced to make the acknowledgement which we here present.

Preserve this May number; it is worth more than its weight in gold to the Negro Mason.

The Negro Mason in Equity

BY M. W. SAMUEL W. CLARK

THAT they were legally warranted is fully established, and we are willing to admit that it was as a subordinate Lodge. But even this does not affect the subsequent establishment of Lodges in Philadelphia and Providence, Rhode Island. In the preceding we quoted from Bro. Jacob Norton, and from Bro. Dove, Grand Secretary of Virginia, to show that it was a matter of frequent occurrence for a subordinate Lodge, or a military traveling Lodge to issue authority to Masons to assemble as a Lodge and to do work therein. Prince Hall was evidently cognizant of these customs, and believing himself to have full power to do so, he assembled the brethren in Philadelphia and Providence, and organized them into Lodges. And while we have no documentary evidence that Prince Hall was a deputized Provincial Grand Master, yet we have strong presumptive evidence that he was so recognized by the English authorities. This is inferred from the title of Right Worshipful, by which he was addressed by the Grand Secretary of England, and also from the fact that special inquiry was made of him concerning the Lodges here, indicating that a more than ordinary trust was reposed in him. If, however, Prince Hall had none of the powers of a Provincial Grand Master, because of the absence of any documentary proof of the same, then must the same be said of Henry Price, the

first Provincial Grand Master (white) of Massachusetts, for there is no record of his appointment as such in 1733. The earliest appointment shown by the records of the Grand Lodge of England is for Robert Tomlinson in 1736. Now, if the acts of Henry Price, without a deputation, were regular, so then were those of Prince Hall. Therefore the Grand Lodge, established in 1808 with African Lodge, No. 459, and the Lodges at Philadelphia and Providence was as much a legal Grand Lodge as the one established by Henry Price and known as St. John's Grand Lodge.

To strengthen this point we desire now to give the details of the organization of two or three white Grand Lodges, some of whom have celebrated their centennials, and compare them with the African Grand Lodge established in 1808.

According to the general acceptance, not sustained by records, Henry Price received from the Grand Master of England, in 1733, a deputation as Provincial Grand Master of North America. He appointed several brethren as Provincial Grand Officers, and on July 30, 1733, organized the St. John's Grand Lodge. Let us see how this Grand Lodge was organized. First, we quote from Mackey's Jurisprudence several paragraphs relating to the "Nature of a Grand Lodge" of the form introduced

in 1717, and followed generally from that time until the present :

"Lodges are the aggregations of Masons as individuals in their primary capacity. Grand Lodges are the aggregations of subordinate Lodges in their representative capacity." (P. 406.)

"Lenning defines a Grand Lodge to be the 'dogmatic and administrative authority of several particular Lodges of a country or province which is usually composed of the Grand Officers and of the Presiding officers of these particular Lodges.'" (P. 407.)

Concerning the organization of a Grand Lodge, Mackey says, on page 423, *Masonic Jurisprudence*: "In the first place, it is essential that not less than three Lodges shall unite in forming a Grand Lodge."

Now when Henry Price organized the St. John's Grand Lodge, of Massachusetts, he not only did not have three Lodges, but he did not have one Lodge. Upon receiving his deputation, he appointed, from among the brethren residing in Boston, several Provincial Grand Officers, and, on the next day, at the request of a number of brethren, he constituted them into a Lodge, known as St. John's Lodge. No other Lodge was instituted in Massachusetts under this authority until February 15, 1750. The third Lodge in Massachusetts was established March 17, 1750. Thus we see that the requisite number of Lodges—three—to organize a Grand Lodge had not been instituted until seventeen years after Henry Price's illegal erection of the St. John's Grand Lodge, first, and St. John's Subordinate Lodge, second. No subsequent reorganization of this Grand Lodge was ever made, but it went on granting charters until it had

granted warrants to nearly forty Lodges located in the different colonies. It suspended its meetings in 1775, the last meeting being held February 27, 1775. The next meeting held was in August, 1787, for the purpose of attending the funeral of Grand Master Rowe; it met again in 1790, and elected officers, none higher than Senior Grand Warden; it also met again in 1792, to make arrangements to unite with the St. Andrew's Grand Lodge, one of its acts being to elect a Grand Master, there not having been any since the death of Grand Master Rowe, in 1787. Its existence terminated March 5, 1792, at which time it united with the St. Andrew's Grand Lodge to form the present Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. Your attention is called to the fact that the new Grand Lodge, formed in 1792, adopted the ritual as worked by the St. John's Grand Lodge, and also elected for their Grand Master the same brother chosen by the St. John's Grand Lodge a short time before the union; and all this, notwithstanding Bro. Gardner's assertion, that "it is evident that the St. John's Grand Lodge preserved its organization as such only for the purpose of completing the contemplated union. It granted no charters, nor did it assume any of the powers of a Grand Lodge. A strange thing, we would say, to see a Grand Lodge preserve its organization as such for the purpose of completing the contemplated union, to see it go into the union and form a part of the new Grand Lodge, to see its ritual adopted, and to see its Grand Master chosen as the Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge, and yet, all this time, according

ing to Bro. Gardner, not assuming any of the powers of a Grand Lodge! We know why Bro. Gardner made this statement. We will refer to it when we come to the subject of Exclusive Territorial Jurisdiction. Now, then, we reiterate our proposition, made at the commencement of this topic, which is, that the Lodges formed by Prince Hall, and the resultant Grand Lodge, were as regular and as legal as the St. John's Grand Lodge, formed by Henry Price without any Lodge, and, moreover, without authority, so far as the records show. We say this for two reasons: First, because his acts were in accordance with the usages of that period, as shown by the quotations already made from Bros.

Norton and Dove; secondly, because on page 27, vol. ii, of the American Freemason, April 18, 1869, may be found the following:

"On the call for papers, by a Commission of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, it has been proven that Prince Hall was duly appointed Provincial Grand Master for Lodges of black men in America, by exactly the same English Grand Lodge which appointed Henry Price, sixty years previously, a Provincial Grand Master for Lodges of white men in America; and that he was corresponded with by the authorities of such English Grand Lodge, and recognized in that official capacity as long as was any other English-appointed Grand Master for any portion of the United States."